THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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IRELAND'S DAY

At the World's Fair Partially Injured by the Elements,

"The Only Unsubsidized Allies of England."

Notwithstanding, the People Turn Out in Good Force, and Have a Splendid Celebration at Festival Hall.

Addresses by Archbishop Feehan, M. P. Brady, Archbishop Hennessy, Edward Blake, M. P., Arthur O'Connor, M. P.,

Lord Mayor Shanks, Father Ring, John E. Fitzgerald, John F. Finerty and Eugene Davis.

It is useless to deny that, from the standpoint of the weather, Irish Day at the World's Fair was one of the worst days that ever visited Chicago. A immense circle around the moon on the night of the 28th ult., foreboded the terrific storm of wind and rain which prevailed during the afternoon and night of the 29th and the whole four and twenty hours of the 30th. Needless to say, the parade was spoiled by the storm, and the attendance was just about one-third of what it would have been under more favorable climatic conditions.

But the bad weather had no bad effect upon the numbers and enthusiasm of those who assembled at Festival Hall in the afternoon to hear the music and oratory of Ireland. Fully 10,000 people packed the great building from floor to roof, and the sound of their cheers could be heard a great distance outside of it.

Prof. Thomas Moore deserves great credit for the excellent manner in which, despite of inevitable disappointment by noted singers who were at first announced, he produced and rendered the musical programme; and cordial praise is also due to the artists who did appear, for the superb manner in which they rendered the numbers assigned to them.

The hall itself was beautifully decorated with the American and Irish colors, and, lit up by electricity, owing to the darkness of the day, presented a most brilliant and animated appearance.

Among those who occupied seats on the platform were: Lord Mayor Shanks of Dublin and the Lady Mayoress, Ald. Thomas Mayne of Dublin and Mrs. Mayne, Mayor Carter H. Harrison, Chicago; his Grace Archbishop Feehan, his Grace Archbishop Hennessy, Chancellor Muldoon, Edward Blake, M. P. and chairman of the executive committee on home rule; Arthur O'Connor, M.P.; Florence Driscoll, M. P.; M. P. Brady, W. H. Joyce, John T. Keating, Daniel Corkery, James C. Strain, Daniel H. Mahoney, Philadelphia; the Rev. Philip Brady of Lilly, Pa.; Jas. Donahue, Westfield, Mass.; D. A. Tighe, T. Trant, Racine; T. F. O'Hare, Brooklyn; R. S. Foley, Long Island; Rev. Thos. P. Hodnett, George Clarson, Detroit; Patrick Boyle, Toronto, John P. O'Rourke, John W. Lee, Leavenworth; Ald. Madden, Ald. Peck, John Ryan, the Rev. H. McMahon, Oconomowoc, Wis.; the Rev. James Campbell, Wisconsin; the Rev. J. T. Mahoney and the Rev. J. A. Hemlock, Brighton; the Rev. J. M. Scanlan, the Rev. M. H. Ward, Pittsburg; the Rev. J. C. McCormick, Judge Edward F. Dunne, Miss Kelly, the Rev. D. F. Maguire, John J. Shine, the Rev. Dr. McGovern, Lockport; the Rev. J. P. Green, Justice Gibbons, Edward O'Connell, Bloomington; the Rev. P. S. Fitzgerald, the Rev. J. J. Corbley, the Rev. J. J. Winne, Mrs. Peter White, Miss Mayne, Rev. Father Foster, Joliet, Ill.; Postmaster James A. Sexton, the Rev. D. O'Sullivan, New York; Eugene Davis, John F. Finerty, and many more.

It was nearly 2:30 o'clock when a burst of applause announced the entrance of the orators of the day. M. P. Brady, the vice-chairman of the meeting, and John T. Keating led the way, followed by Archbishop Feehan, Archbishop Hennessey, of Dubuque; the lord mayor of Dublin, the lord mayoress, Mayor Harrison, Edward Blake, M. P., Arthur O'Connor, M. P., Florence Driscoll, M. P., Very Rev. Father Ring, O. M. I., of Dublin; Rev. Father Muldoon, chancellor of the Chicago diocese; W. H. Joyce, and Jas. C. Strain. The lord mayor wore a black Prince Albert coat and dark trousers. He had on his chain of office with a large gold medal. The lady mayoress' costume was black satin trimmed with point du Venice lace and chiffron frills on satin russes. Her bonnet was black and white, with white plumes, and her gloves matched the dress.

Archbishop Feehan took the chair in the center of the platform, having on his right Archbishop Hennessey, Edward Blake, M. P., Arthur O'Connor, M. P., and John Driscoll, M. P., and on his left the lord mayor, the lady mayoress, Mayor Harrison and John E. Fitzgerald, of Boston.

When the distinguished party was seated the band played "The Star Spangled Banner." Mr. M. P. Brady then stepped to the front and said.

"I have the honor, which is very highly esteemed by me, in the capacity of vice-president of this day so much honored by our race, to declare the exercises of Irish Day at the World's Fair open. Your revered and beloved archbishop will take the chair and express to you the feelings of the day and of his own heart."

Archbishop Feehan's Address.

Archbishop Feehan, who was loudly cheered, said: Notwithstanding the inclemency of the day, I am rejoiced to be able to see here this splendid assemblage. The Irish-American people claim this day for themselves and they assemble here to celebrate with their fellow-citizens the accomplishment of the great Exposition. They, like all the rest of the people, feel that it is a beautiful thing, a dream of the imagination, and that it tells of the love and the strength and the genius and the spirit of the city that originated it and brought to its wonderful perfection this great wonder of the century.

The Irish people represent a most ancient race. Their forefathers came from the East more than 3,000 years ago. It was about the time when Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt and when Cadmus introduced letters into Greece. They had then a written law, a language and a civilization. They are an ancient race, and today, toward the close of the nineteenth century, have come ont in their strength and power and genius. We try to keep alive the traditions of the race and to hope for the future. When the Irish-American people assemble to celebrate the Exposition at Chicago they come with an enthusiasm which will mark this day with success. Among the many people from other lands that go to make up this mighty nation, there is none less clannish, there is none that assimilates more readily and rapidly with the American people than the Irish.

There are no people in this broad land that love their flag more earnestly, more deeply than the Irish, and, in the hour of distress, there are none who would be more ready to come forward and rescue it from danger and peril than the Irish. But while they love the Green Flag, the American Irish are still true to the Stars and Stripes, but yet cannot help loving the flag of their mother country, and there is no one here today that does not pray that the green and gold will soon float over the mother home.

I will not detain you, gentlemen. You are waiting to hear words of eloquence from distinguished men. We have among us today a distinguished gentleman who has come from Ireland, the chief magistrate of its chief city, to be present with the people and children and descendants of Ireland on this festival day. And we extend to the Lord Mayor of Dublin thousands and hundreds of thousands of welcomes, and of Irish welcomes, to him and to his friends and companions, and we all hope that his journey from our land home may be safe and that he will bring back to his old city the best recollections of Chicago and its mighty enterprises, and of the people who have gathered to welcome him here today. [Loud applause.]

Miss Josephine Sullivan, of Dublin, played a selection of Irish airs on the harp, and, being encored, gave "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching" and "The Wearing of the Green." Archbishop Feehan, in a few well chosen words, then introduced Archbishop Hennessey, of Dubuque.

Archbishop Hennessey's Words.

Archbishop Hennessey, who was warmly cheered, said: "The Irish Race in the Development of Civilization" is the subject that has been entrusted to me. I am sorry I have have not had time to prepare more fully for the occasion. Many writers have said that it is difficult to define what civilization is. Guizot, who lectured in the countries of Europe, gives a definition of what civilization is. Three elements lie at the basis of civilization—the individual, the family and society. To the church of God we are indebted for the current ideas of good. These ideas, when planted in the minds of men, and when they sink into the heart, will pass from the order of ideas to the order of realities, and then you have what we call civilization.

Civilization is more than the invention and work of man. Civilization is more than the invention of railroads, the knowledge of science or the making use of electricity. Civilization means the enlightening of the mind and the purity of the heart. Old nations were destitute of civilization. The Greeks regarded everyone but themselves as barbarians. They had no idea of man as a fellow man. The Romans put sickly children to death. Women were degraded. It was the Church of God that spread through the world the idea of what man was. She gave a correct idea of the sacred character of the family, put woman in her proper place, insisted on the sacredness of the marriage tie and defended the oppressed in the face of tyranny. She had the force within her to bring out these points and produce what we call civilization. The church is the mother and the guardian of civilization.

The question of "What has the Irish race done for civilization?" resolves itself into the question, "What has that race done for the mother and guardian of civilization?" What has the race done for religion? To the extent that it has benefited religion, so much has it done for civilization. What have the Irish people done directly or indirectly for civilization? The Irish race is a remarkable one. It received religion quickly and with gratitude, in the fullest sense of the words. One man, in a lifetime, connected the whole race. He found the country Pagan and left it Christian. The seed of God never fell on better soil and never was a richer harvest reaped.

In 300 years the Irish race gave more to the church than any nation before or since. The number of bishops, priests and nuns were so numerous that it looked as if all the race belonged to those orders. The Irish received religion as a benefit. Colleges, schools and other educational establishments sprung up. To these schools came people from England, Scotland and Germany. Everything was free, even transportation to the island. To study and to teach was a national habit. Ireland was the seminary of the church; it was the seminary of Europe. God planted his seed there, for he knew the day was not far distant when it would be needed elsewhere. The mystic body of Jesus Christ never appeared in any place to such advantage as in Ireland. It was the island of saints and doctors.

Ireland was the educator of the world. Not only was she educating them to the church of God, but she sent out missionaries to teach the Pagans. In the beginning of the seventh century throughout Europe crime predominated. Ireland did great work for God in this crisis. She sent her saints out among the multitudes with the best results. Go back to the beginning of the seventh century. The religious condition of France was wretched in the extreme, the people were dissolute, there was simony in the sanctuary. Then the work of reformation began. There came an Irish saint. So it has been throughout history. The Irish have been constant workers, and these, ladies and gentlemen, are the claims I make for the Irish race in the development of civilization.

Edward Blake's Address.

C. P. S. Collins sang "The Minstrel Boy" with great feeling and in response to an encore gave "The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls." He received great applause in which the lord mayor and the lady mayoress joined. Archbishop Feehan then introduced Edward Blake, M.P. He alluded to his going from Canada to take part in the fight for Home Rule, and already being so greatly appreciated as to be made chairman of the executive committee of the Home Rulers. Mr. Blake, who met with a flattering reception, said:

MOST REVEREND FRIENDS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I deeply feel the honor which has been conferred upon me in the invitation which was extended to me to attend on this great day and say a few words upon topics of interest to all Irish-Americans. I know full well that I have but slight claims to speak on the question. I am but a new recruit in the ranks of the Parliamentary party. But had it been known at that time that a more distinguished member could have been present today, I think that he would have had the honor conferred upon him. I think we may have the pleasure of listening to Arthur O'Connor.

Slight as are my claims, I have one which fits this particular occasion, and that is, I am one of those Irishmen, born beyond the seas, whose life has been spent on this continent, and I have learned from the free air of liberty which blows in every breath of wind in this country to cherish Home Rule. This occasion is, indeed, unique. For us Irishmen all over the world the occasion is one of anxiety and also of hope and expectation.

The time is all too short, and it would be absolutely unnecessary to recall in any detail the sad history of the wrongs, cruelties and oppressions, the sorrows, the sufferings under which the country from which we sprang has groaned in the days gone by. They have colored the past, they color the present, but fortunately a brighter hue now prevails. Four weeks ago, after seven years of struggling upon new lines, after the settlement of a basis of an arrangement of the Irish question, after a debate in parliament prolonged and severe in all its aspects, after two general elections, after the fall and rise of governments, you have seen the people's house of the United Kingdom pass, by a sufficient majority, the measure of Home Rule. It is a great event.

It has never yet happened in the history of British legislation that a great popular measure of reform has passed under such circumstances as this one did and then fail in being printed in the statutes of the land. What is this bill we are looking forward to and which you and I hope and which we expect to see become a law? It gives an Irish legislature for the conduct of all purely Irish affairs. That is all those things which enter the daily life of the people of Ireland, in which their views ought to prevail, are to be controlled by themselves. There are defects in the bill. We have proclaimed them, but as it is, if not one item in it were changed, it is a broad one in which substantial control of affairs of Ireland is possible.

There are restrictions, the ones you have been accustomed to. They are in fact assertions of the fundamental doctrine of civil and religious liberty. I do not believe they are harmful. On the contrary, I believe they are a boon to humanity. Religious freedom is assured to all men. No man shall be prosecuted on account of religious belief. The Irish people shall have control of the education of their children. The one reservation is that no child shall be disentitled to attend a public school for which money is particularly bestowed, so that the Protestant and Catholic schools alike shall have the benefit of the school for which public money is paid.

No man shall be deprived of property without just compensation. The land question is to be under the control of the Irish parliament, but this does not not apply for three years. Three years, in our opinion, is not a serious objection. The police is to gradually come under the control of the Irish legislature, the final rearrangement being postponed for a period of six years.

There are those who say that we Irish are incapable of self-government, that we can't take care of ourselves, but I think we can take our part in the government of the country in which we are cast. The Irish seem to do so now, and, some people say, do a little more than our share.

I cannot speak on this occasion, nor would it be fitting for me to do so, unless I should mention two of our leaders. One of them is gone. The Irish-Americans as well as the people of Ireland love them both. The first, who has departed, was Charles Stewart Parnell (Tremendous cheering). I rejoice to see the enthusiasm in which his name is received in this land. It is worthy of it.

I have said that there were two names which had to be mentioned on this occasion. The last one is Mr. Gladstone. (Prolonged applause). He is a most interesting spectacle and has a most attractive personality. I have watched him closely the last six months and there was no man in that house of such eloquence as that grand old man of 84. I saw him shortly after the passage of the bill through the house of commons and I told him that I had been honored by this. I told him further that there was no name that would be received with more enthusiasm than his own, and he gave me this letter, which I will read to the audience:

NO. 10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL, SEPT. 2, 1893.—*My Dear Mr. Blake:* I learn with great pleasure that there is to be an Irish day during the World's Fair at Chicago; nor am I less satisfied to know that you have undertaken to attend the gathering on behalf of the Irish people and of their representatives.

There could not be a more interesting, nor, except on the day of the final victory, a more encouraging occasion.

After seven years of close and sustained struggle throughout the country a house of commons was elected last year which has passed, after eighty-two days of debate, a bill for conferring upon Ireland the management, through a freely elected parliament, of her own domestic affairs. And when at the close of next week the bill will be rejected by a large majority of the house of lords we shall know, the people of Ireland will know, the world at large will know, and even the house of lords will know, that this rejection will mean no more than a dilatory vote.

You are about to address Americans, who, in all ranks, and in all parts of their magnificent country, have shown an active and almost an universal sympathy with Ireland; and more especially Irish-Americans, through whose energies and inextinguishable affection for Ireland has been effected the most remarkable oceanic migration ever known in the history of the world.

And you are in a condition to point out to them these two things:

1. The distance which has been actually traveled over between the physical misery and political depression which marked the early years of the century and the victory recorded last night is immeasurable.

2. The distance between that recorded victory and the final investment of Ireland with full self-governing control over her domestic affairs is not only measurable but short.

It was unanswerably observed during our debate that the recent success has been brought about by change of opinion where opinion has been most hostile, viz., change of opinion in England. Scotch, Irish and Welsh votes were with us in 1886, but we stood in a minority of nearly 120. It has been the signal and favorable change in England that has converted this minority into a majority of 40 for home rule.

Yet England still exhibits her reduced majority, to intercept one of the greatest benefits ever conferred, not only upon Ireland, but upon her. In this attitude she is alone among all the people of the English-speaking race. She has not yet quitted, but she is quitting it.

Yet the last struggle still remains, and like the former struggles, it will be great, and it will demand the friendly efforts of all those wherever placed, who under God have lifted this great cause out of the abyss and put it on an eminence from which there remains but a step into the promised land.

I cherish the most sanguine hopes that the conduct of the Irish nation, when their great object has been attained, will fulfill every reasonable hope cherished by those who have aided, and will convert its present enemies into friends. Believe me very faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

"The Last Rose of Summer" was then sung by Miss May Braddock, who received an encore. Archbishop Feehan then announced that Bourke Cockran, who was on the programme for the next address, was unfortunately ill. His place would be taken by one who had done great work for the Irish cause. He introduced Arthur O'Connor, M.P. Mr. O'Connor said:

Coming from Europe here one is struck with a strange contrast not only as between the great kingdoms of that country and your republic, but between the condition of Ireland and your condition. In the kingdoms of Europe all rights, privileges and claims emanate from the crown. Here your government emanates from the people themselves. Europe is groaning under the burden of military preparations. We come to your city and see it beautiful with productions of peace and honest industry, and in the grounds of this exposition we find side by side the results of that free American industry on the one hand and the small and pitiful exhibition of our country as exhibited in the Irish villages on the other. I think it is not unreasonable to hope that before very long the circumstances of Ireland will enable her to proceed to emulate your own great nation. It is true that the measure of home rule has been rejected by the house of lords. I would say to you that fifteen years ago the house of lords was in existence as it is now. We knew perfectly well that it was opposed to the Irish cause. As Mr. Blake says, we have but one feature of anxiety; and that is a possibility of opposition in our ranks. Let me assure you that the Irish people are united.

Lord Mayor Shanks' Speech.

W. P. Foran sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The chairman in a few kindly words welcomed the Lord Mayor of Dublin and introduced him as the next speaker. The lord mayor on coming forward received an ovation which lasted for some minutes. When quiet was restored he said:

I thank you heartily for the generous welcome you have given me and which I do not take altogether to myself, but as a proof of your love and loyalty to the old land and the city which I represent. Accept from me in return for your greeting, the greeting of Dublin, ancient and historic Dublin, around which cling so many memories and associations dear to Irish hearts, and around which cluster today bright hopes of a greater and nobler future as the centre of the arena in which Irishmen shall have full opportunity to vie with all nations in creating free and prosperous institutions and in developing the arts of civilization.

Your gathering in your hundreds of thousands today will be historic and the occasion of it will be historic also. You are here to claim your own share in the honor and in the credit of the great Columbian Exposition. To contribute your applause to the great success which has attended it. To show that you regard it not only as an epitome of the world's progress, but as a grand promoter of the world's peace. You rejoice in it as the fruit of the labor of the men of many nations, who have found, in the settled order and the free conditions of American life, the means of harmonizing and utilizing in common effort for the common good, the diversified talents and capabilities of all races.

I shall not foolishly flatter the self-esteem of my own countrymen. I shall not claim for Irishmen, or men of Irish descent in this city or country, an undue share of brains or ability. The great progress of this country is, in my opinion, due not so much to American, or English, or Irish, or German, or Italian efforts as to the wonderful combination of the distinctive powers and attributes of all these races in the grand effort to create a commonwealth greater and richer in its resources, more potent in its influences upon human progress than any individual race in the old word, jealously guarding its soil from the invasion of strangers, could ever hope to rear.

It is true that the results of this combination of races, the increased intensity of life, the accelerated speed of human effort in the free air of America, have done much to disturb Europe; to disturb those Europeans who love that restful, contented, unambitious life which is still possible in the old world, and for which personally, I have a lingering affection.

But they have also demonstrated that national rivalry and jealousies, standing armies and periodical wars, slaughter and devastation, are not necessary concomitants of civilization. Formerly all that was grand and ennobling in human history, all that was famous and glorious, was associated with war. The victories of peace and progress looked pale and wan in those days when the struggle was for the selfish advantage of an individual race, without regard to the larger claims of the great human family.

America has, strictly speaking, no standing army; it has little of a navy, and the same races who war against each other in Europe find a common and a happy home and splendid opportunities in this peaceful country.

What have been the results of this grand amalgamation? Let the World's Fair speak the answer. It is a voluminous answer. The results are so enormous and so varied that no single speech can possibly embody them. When I stood for the first time, on Thursday last, in the Court of Honor at the Columbian Exposition, with the brilliant sunshine streaming down upon the myriads of people, upon the dazzling white array of stately buildings, on domes and columns and gilded statues, and glittering lakes and fountains, I felt myself under a spell, and realized, as I never realized before, how limitless is the scope of human genius, and how marvelous the range of its achievements, and the impression of the truth that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," was borne home to me with an emphasis which time cannot efface.

That millions of my countrymen, born in a land of great natural beauty, but boasting little of wealth or resources, in which life is lived under primitive conditions, affording but little scope for physical or intellectual energy, should have found a home in America suited to their vigorous natures, will always appear to me to have been a dispensation of Providence, alike beneficial to the Irish race and to the great Republic of the United States. That my countrymen should have shown themselves so adaptable to the conditions of American life and so ready to become useful and devoted citizens is a testimony to their fitness as a self-governing race which needs no addition.

I look with confidence to the future in store for them, a future which will reveal them in the cradle of their race in old Ireland as the active champions and promoters of freedom, toleration and progress, and abroad as the most loyal of subjects or sovereigns in every country which extends to them the privilege of its citizenship. In conclusion let me express a sentiment which I know is in all your hearts, and that is "God bless Ireland."

The lord mayor resumed his seat amid loud cheers.

Address of Father Ring, of Dublin.

Archbishop Feehan and several of the distinguished guests then left the platform, for a time, to keep engagements at Blarney and Donegal Castles. M. P. Brady took the chair and introduced Rev. Father Ring, of Dublin. Father Ring, who is a fine looking old gentleman, said:

My first duty is to acknowledge the courtesy of the executive committee in permitting me to address this magnificent assembly and to convey to it the gracious message of His Eminence Cardinal Logue. It was a happy inspiration to effect a union between the Irish in Chicago and their countrymen at home through the medium of him who holds the highest place in the Irish church as Archbishop of Armagh and successor of St. Patrick. Using the words of his Eminence in his letter to me and his special cablegram received a few hours ago, I have the honor of delivering his Eminence's message of "sympathy, heartfelt congratulation, good wishes and blessing."

There is a word of sympathy and congratulation for the archbishop of this city and diocese, for the bishops and priests of America, and the great things they have accomplished and are engaged in doing for the people of this land, and the expression has its special application to the splendid services rendered to the church and Christianity by Cardinal Gibbons in the Catholic congress and by Bishop Keane in the parliament of religions. His Eminence sends his congratulations to the men whose genius planned, whose power set up the marvelous works around us, and his "good wishes" are for all who have been connected with congress, parliament or fair and all who are today lovingly united in this Irish celebration.

I know well that this is not an exclusively Catholic demonstration. I am well aware that there are many in our ranks who acknowledge no spiritual allegience to the cardinal, but I am sure there is not one among us who will disdain his prayer or slight his benediction. This I know with absolute certainty that there is no exclusiveness in his charity—that his heart is full of love for Catholic and non-Catholic, for Irish and for American and for all God's children in every land.

The chairman introduced Signorina Inez Carusi, who captured the audience with her singing of three Irish ballads, and then, in a highly complimentary speech, Mr. Brady announced John E. Fitzgerald, of Boston, as the next speaker.

John E. Fitzgerald.

Mr. Fitzgerald's subject was "The Genius of the Irish Race." He dwelt at length on the wrongs that Ireland had suffered, and said that for centuries her history had been written in blood. The figure of gaunt famine had been standing guard at the homes of her peasants, but the spirit of nationalism had always been kept alive. He claimed that the Irish had won for themselves a place in America, and that they had no business to be classed as they were by some knownothings as intruders. The sons of Ireland had shown their devotion to the flag by not only fighting to sustain it but dying for it. Mr. Fitzgerald's remarks were loudly cheered. He was superbly eloquent throughout his address. As he always speaks without notes of any kind, and, owing to a mistake of the shorthand reporter, THE CITIZEN deeply regrets its inability to give even a mere outline of Mr. Fitzgerald's splendid oration, which was "all Erin's own."

After a song by C. P. S. Collins, "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old," John F. Finerty was introduced.

John F. Finerty's Address.

MOST REVEREND CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The Committee have honored me with a subject as wide and universal as the ocean, which has borne him to every foreign shore. "The Irishman in Lands Other than His Own." The Irish race, in the matter of national exodous, has had only one rival—the Hebraic. These two families of mankind are alone in the peculiar condition of having the vast majority of their people "in lands other than their own." Both fell beneath the force of foreign conquest. Judea was crushed by the mailed hand of the Roman soldier. Ireland, not so much by the force as the diplomacy of the Briton. The patrimonial country of the Hebrew is now the domain of the Saracen. The Irishman, with phenonenal persistency, still disputes with the descendants of his Norman invaders, the possession of the native soil. So long as the Irish Celt, even in the minority, retains a hold upon the land that bore him, so long shall Ireland live as a nation, coerced but unsubdued, and so long shall the struggle for her natural heritage of liberty proceed. The book, printed in blood, will not be finally closed until upon its last page is written, in letters of light, that can be read around the globe—"Ireland a Nation." (Cheers.)

Is it necessary to say to this great audience why the Irishman is a dweller within stranger gates in every clime? With the advance of civilization, the voice of the innocent has been heard in accusation of the guilty, and the haughty stride of brazen oppression has been checked. The stubborn democracy of Britain have been conquered by the moral might of an unarmed people, strong in their sense of right and justice, and the British peerage, almost alone, presents the shameful spectacle of perpetuating the brutal despotism of the dark ages during the closing decade of the XIXth century. Their policy, pursued with marvelous malignity, from 1169 to 1893, has made the Irishman, whether as a soldier, a statesman, a merchant, or a toiler, familiar in every land and on every sea. Of this, "all Europe could the proof afford" in the XVIIth and XVIIIth centuries, and the two Americas in the XIXth. Nor have men of the race been meanly represented in other quarters of the planet.

It was not until the spirit of religious rancor allied itself with that of racial hostility, about the Elizabethan period of the Reformation, that the Irishman began to make his mark, outside his own island, in the modern history of the world. As an evangelizer, he was known

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BRITISH MUSEUM 8 NO 93

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued).

But what of our heroine during all those years? What of fair Kathleen Ny-Cuirnin, since, four years ago, we left her in New Ross, after right bravely nursing her lover through his fever?

She was safe and well, and in good quarters. Niall having returned to his old round of garrison life in Charlemont, replacing himself under his old commander, Sir Phelim O'Neill, in that stout and strong-walled fortress he had prepared a home for his sister. Hither he had taken her, and here, on the sweet, healthy banks of the Blackwater, though pent up in a town "girt round with battlement and fosse and many a dangerous tower," the Wild Rose bloomed as freshly and fairly as if on the shore of her native Lough Gill.

During the eventful time that had passed since his illness in the Vale of the Three Waters, Edmund's meetings with his betrothed had been of pretty frequent occurrence, events taking him often to Charlemont; and shortly after the death of Owen Roe an opportunity occurred which afforded him another interview with her. He was dispatched by Gen. O'Reilly with some communications to Sir Phelim O'Neill, and also a message to the Scottish forces in the county Antrim.

Reaching Charlemont in safety, he delivered his dispatches to Sir Phelim, and spent a pleasant evening with Kathleen and her brother. He spoke to her hopefully and cheerfully, painting a rosy picture of their future. "Courage, avourneen dheelish!" he whispered; "the hour of our happiness approaches. It will go hard if Irish and Scots combined do not sweep the Roundheads out of Ulster—ay, and bid hearty defiance to Noll Cromwell and all his Ironsides. Another month or two, alanna, and you shall be mine at last."

Next day, shortly before noon, he rode out of Charlemont, with the written pass of Sir Phelim secure in his pocket. His horse was fresh and strong, and soon carried him to Portadown, where, after he was closely questioned, and his safe conduct carefully scrutinized by the Scottish officer there, he was directed where to find the force of which he was in quest. Very soon he was riding for the banks of Lagan, musing, as he rode along, on the nature of his mission, and on the strange course of events which had induced the Scotch and Irish of Ulster to to bury their deep and bitter animosities and join in mutual defense of their province.

The situation of Royalist and Parliamentarian in Ulster may be described in a few words. Ere Cromwell quitted Drogheda he sent one of his principal officers, Col. Robert Venables, a Cheshire man, with about 1,000 foot and 150 horse, to commence operations in that province, and the latter soon reduced some small places in Down and Antrim. The main Irish army having marched south, as hitherto related, the principal force to oppose Venables was that of the imperfectly organized Scotch Royalists, under the command of Sir George Monroe, brother of the defeated general of Benburb. But Monroe was now in Coleraine, and the chief enemy with which Venables had as yet to deal was a party of about eighty horse, which carried on a species of guerilla warfare against him—watching his movements, harrassing his pickets, and continually scouring the country around his quarters. This small force was under the command of a Col. John Hamilton, and was the one of which our hero was now in search.

Soon after reaching the pleasant banks of the Lagan O'Tracy plunged into a thick wood, stript of its leaves by the breath of winter. Acting on the directions of his instructions in Portadown, he followed a narrow bridle-path leading into the heart of the wood, and soon perceived the light of a fire among the trees in his front. Continuing to advance, he was soon challenged by a sentinel:

"Wha gaes—for the king or his enemies?"

"A friend—for the king."

Another few moments and he dismounted from his horse in the midst of Scottish rendezvous, and handed his dispatches to the commander of the party. Col. Hamilton read the papers in silence, and then shook his head.

"Ay, ay," said he to Edmund, "we might have the chance of a good day's occupation in your part of the country; but we must bide our time, for our hands are full just at present. That must be my answer to Gen. O'Reilly. But unless you are in haste to return, I would e'en ask you to tarry with us till the morrow—that is, if you would see some sharp service."

"It is settled, then," replied O'Tracy; "I will remain with you over tomorrow."

He approached one of the bivouac fires, and made one of a circle of troopers who were sitting around the blaze. The men eyed him with curiosity, until in a few brief and soldierly phrases he introduced himself, after which he underwent a round of hand-shaking, and became a *bon camarade*.

"I speer, friend, ye've had an unco guid ride o't. Here my bonnie bairn lay hold o' this; I ween ye ken the merits o' a stoup o' usquebaugh?"

With a few words of thanks Edmund took and drained the proffered goblet, and then eyed the donor. The latter was a stalwart Scot in the prime of life—a man with a doeply-marked countenance and a profuse shock of fiery red hair.

"No thanks. Ye're welcome, reet welcome, friend—although, I trow, we've been black enemies only four months syne. Nae matter; let bygones be bygones, an' ye're nane the waur for meetin' wi' Jock Hamilton. Ah, my braw buckie, ye'll hae guid sport the morrow an ye' can handle weel that lang claymore at your side."

"Whither does the fortune of war take us to morrow?" inquired Edmund.

"Whither? Why, face to face wi' that infernal callant, who'll ride frae Belfast the morrow—ye've heard of Owen O'Connolly?"

"That I have," he ieplied; and at the request of the Scot he briefly narrated his relations with the individual named.

"Aha, so you've got a score against the runnion, too," said Jock Hamilton, after listening to the recital; "I can gie ye the history o' the canny chiel. Weel, ye must ken that after the discovery of the daft plot o' Maguire an' MacMahon, my braw Owen went over to England, an' got deep into the guid favour o' the Parliament, wha sent him back to this country wi' an officer's commission an' a yearly lump o' £500—deil the less!—for his services. 'Twas he wha bore us orders to take the Covenant—weel we remember, mates, how we took it on our marrow-bones in the kirk o' Carrickfergus, frae the lips o' our auld general, Monroe, wha is now in London Tower."

A murmur of assent passed around the fire, and the speaker went on:

"The next we saw o' the doings o' O'Connolly was when he so cannily plotted with the traitor Brice Coghran to take Carrickfergus frae our men an' hand toun an' castle ower to Gen. Monk. That was when Monroe was sent prisoner to England, and Owen was then a major. An' now here's the pawky deil come ower again frae England wi' that accursed Noll Cromwell—come into Ulster a full colinel, an't please ye, to make up a regiment for the God-forsaken Parliament. But why hae I got my whittle in Owen? Bide a wee, an' ye shall hear. He's a hot-tempered chiel is Owen, but I've ne'er found out wha private pickeering led him an' my puir brother to cross claymores at Lisnagarvy some months agone—my ain brave brother, Capt. Hamilton, o' Sir James Montgomery's regiment; but this I ken, that my brother was struck dead as mutton at the first or second pass, and that his bluid, is on Owen O'Connolly's hands. It was a fairly honest scratch, bilbo, sure enough; but I've sworn to avenge my brother—ay, an I'll keep my solemn vow!"

The brawny Jock uttered the last words with cool and phlegmatic determination, after which, drawing his large plaid cloak around him, he relapsed into a moody silence during the remainder of the night.

During the night O'Tracy shared the shelter of a canvas tent with two or three of the Scots, and at an early hour he was aroused by the reveille sounding through the rendezvous. All was preparation for a march. The horses were rubbed down and fed, and the men partook of a substantial repast, and ere the morning was far advanced the whole party, numbering, as before remarked, about eighty men, was in the saddle and riding towards the northeast. They had not proceeded many miles when two or three horsemen, scouts who had been sent out by Col. Hamilton some hours before, came galloping towards them with the information that the the enemy was fast approaching.

"They are coming!" excitedly whispered Jock Hamilton to O'Tracy, who rode beside him—"they are coming over by the hills frae Leel. Owen O'Connolly is coming, and, by the horns o' Satan, I mean to gi' a guid account o' him! See, see," continued the eager Scot, as the basnets of a force of cavalry glimmered in the distance, "there comes the deil's ain children—the blessed bairn's o' the Parliament. Gadso! they just nigh number ourselves, and hech, laddie, what a braw bit o' pickeering we'll hae!—claymore to claymore, and the better trooper has the palm."

Col. Hamilton at once prepared his force for the conflict. Dividing his men into two parties, he drew up one party so as to face the advancing enemy, and posted the other behind a limekiln, out of sight of the Parliamentarians, using them as a reserve.

On came the opposing cavalry without ever drawing rein. Confident of victory, they rode at a steady and increasing pace towards the Scots, who awaited their onset in stern silence. Nearer and nearer they came, and at length the advance guard or "forlorn," led by no less a personage than Col. Owen O'Connolly in person, came charging six abreast up a narrow lane leading to the Scottish position.

"Give fire!" rang the deep tones of Col. Hamilton, as the boreen was filled with the long stream of charging horsemen. The head of the Parliamentarian column recoiled in some disorder as the Scottish musketoons rattled and flashed; and immediately, sword in hand, the Scots burst through the smoke of their volley in a fierce and impetuous charge on their wavering foe. At the same moment Hamilton's reserve dashed out from their ambush behind the limekiln and charged the enemy hotly in their unprotected flank.

For a few minutes the lane presented a scene of desperate conflict, and resounded with the clash of swords, the explosion of pistols, the cheers of triumph and the shrieks of wounded and trampled men. The combat was waged with great valor and determination on both sides, and was short and sanguinary. Victory declared for the Scots. The greater part of the Parliamentarian force was placed *hors de combat*, its leader was made prisoner, two captains of horse who commanded under O'Connolly, one, named Lestrange, escaped, while the other, named Reaper, was killed.

"Just merely the fortune of war, colonel," remarked O'Connolly, after the fray was over; "well, what do you intend doing with me?"

"I mean to send you straight off to Coleraine to Sir George Monroe; doubtless he'll be happy to see you."

"The devil he will! A favor, Hamilton—allow me to ride thither on my own mare, and I'll feel obliged."

"Be it so," replied the Scottish colonel.

"Be right wary of your prisoner, Col. Hamilton," said Edmund O'Tracy;—"trust me, you have a cunning fox to deal with."

"What, you here, whelp!" exclaimed Owen, on catching sight of him; "hang me but this is good! Look you, colonel, you've got a low Irish papist in your midst—a puppy whom you would do well to tuck up to the nearest tree."

"Dinna mind, Owen," said Jock Hamilton, drily; "the Irish papist has blooded his claymore rather weel the day on you beagles. He's a gude braw soldier o' the king—de'il the better!"

O'Connolly muttered an oath as he turned to regain his saddle.

From the scene of conflict the victorious Scots turned their bridles to the North. They rode along in great spirits, commenting with satisfaction on the incidents of the late combat, each trooper relating his own achievements, comparing notes with his comrades, or recalling the memories of his companions who had fallen in the fray. Some yards in front rode the prisoner, in charge of a single horseman. Several miles were covered without the occurrence of anything worthy of note.

At length there was a sudden shout of alarm from the foremost troopers.

"The prisoner—he's off! he's off!"

The alarm was a true one. By a dexterous usage of hand and foot Owen O'Connolly had tossed the trooper beside him backwards off his horse, and was spurring off in one daring dash for liberty, his fleet mare bearing him safely and well.

Jock Hamilton gave vent to a mighty oath, and was after the fugitive like a shot. Far sooner than he expected he came up with the fleeing O'Connolly, for the animal ridden by the latter suddenly stumbled and swerved, throwing its rider with violence to the ground. Ere the fallen man could regain his feet, his vindictive pursuer had gained on him, leapt from his saddle, and rushed towards him. One tremendous and resounding kick from the heavy foot of Hamilton, and the writhing form of the traitor and renegade became rigid and motionless. Owen OConnolly was dead. His slayer was justified by the laws of warfare.

As O'Tracy gazed on the upturned face of the dead man, with its last distorted expression, he recalled the memorable night in Oxmantown, its incidents and their results—the failure of the patriot's design. Coote's bloody reign of terror, Maguire and MacMahon strangled on Tyburn Tree, and the rankling fetters of Ireland made faster and more galling. And here at length, stark and lifeless, struck down in his strength and pride by a brutal and ignominous death, lay the Judas of his country.

Thrown like a sack across the back of a horse, the body of O'Connolly was conveyed by the Scots to a small town where they spent the night, and next day it was brought to and interred in the churchyard of Antrim.

So passed away one of the most treacherous, enterprising, and remarkable men of his day, whose character is so concisely summed up in a quaint couplet by the trooper-historian who describes the manner of his death:

"The man was as stoute as could be desired,
But of no more conduct than a man hot ire'd."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Come to the Rescue.

As surely as any known effect follows a cause, just so surely will disease of the kidneys succeed their inactivity, if that inaction be not promptly remedied. Come to the rescue with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which gives a healthful impulse to the action of both the kidneys and the bladder, without exciting them, like an unmedicated stimulant. Rendered active by this genial diuretic and tonic, they perform their functions thoroughly and regularly, removing from the system impurities which beget rheumatism, dropsy, gravel, Bright's disease, diabetes and catarrh of the bladder. The contraction of either one of these formidable maladies is the penalty exacted by nature for indifference to that plain warning—sluggish action of the kidneys. When this exists, not a moment should be lost in the use of the remedy indicated. Bear in mind that the Bitters will relieve with equal promptitude disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels and nervous system, and cure or prevent malarial complaints.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUB for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Something Interetiang to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Three Harvest Excursions.

Via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to all of the best farming sections in the West and Northwest, will be run on Aug. 22, Sept. 12 and Oct. 10. Return tickets good for twenty days. Low rates. Apply for further information to nearest ticket agent, or address George H. Heafford, G.P.A., Chicago.

WALTHAM "REPEATERS."

Sold to "Citizen" Subscribers Only.

$100 Men's Watch for $80!

THE CITIZEN is now for the first time able to offer to its subscribers the celebrated Waltham "Repeaters." These watches were made to sell at more than $100, but we have an option upon a few in solid 14k gold stiffened hunting cases. A Waltham "Repeater" strikes the time within five minutes whenever a spring on the outside of the case is moved. This is a great advantage in many situations. The two silver-toned bells do not add to the size of the watch. No more of these watches will be made. The cases will not be ready before July 1, and readers should register their names at once. An artistic special catalogue will be sent upon application. Price of watch, delivered, $80.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF NOISE.

Aversion to Disturbance Is a Symptom of Neurotic Degeneration.

A woman suffering from neuralgia stations her son to keep boys from making a noise in front of the house. A boy comes by whistling—a performance in which we must recognize a natural, wholesome and boylike act, whereupon there ensues a short, sharp fight between the pair, in which one is accidentally cut. The upshot is not important; the origin of it is.

It has long been usual to accord special privileges to invalids in relieving them against noise. Formerly straw would be strewn in the street, and thousands of persons who were not sick would be inconvienced to ease the pains of one who was. In part, this custom was one of ostentation. It could be practiced only by the influential who were exalted by making themselves a nuisance. When death ensued, a hatchment was set up in the same spirit of vainglory. All the windows in the house were closed for a term, the duration of which was fixed by custom, but which bore a relation to the estate of the deceased and the consequent degree of exaltation descending upon his heirs.

All healthy animals delight in noise. The description includes barbarous folk and children. Dogs bark (curs only sneak off), birds scream, boys shout, girls clap hands to their ears in sweet confusion, horses paw, all animate nature responds to the exhilaration of noise. The sick do not. In every form of sickness the nervous function is deranged. As we have seen above mankind has shown its appreciation of this fact by its customs. Excessive sensibility to noise is thus one symptom of neurotic degeneration. It is the mark of one broad distinction between the state of civilization and its opposite. It testifies to one part of the price which that state exacts from man on his physical side.

Within civilization itself indifference to noise is one of the distinctions of a system rudely healthful, both in body and mind. The converse of this proposition is equally true. Whenever a person displays peculiar sensitiveness to noise we may know that the case is one of an unwholesome mind in an unwholesome body. From the fact that the disturbance is essentially a neurotic one it follows that it is controllablo to a great extent by the will. Much of the disturbance that is experienced from noise can be put completely aside by exercise of the will. A barking dog may keep one person awake while his healthier or wiser neighbor sleeps the sleep of the just. Under the pinging of the cable car bells a valetudinarian subsides into frenzy while his younger clerk is lapped in dreams of the equally unconscious typewriter on the next floor. The contrast here need not be one of relative strength of mind merely; one of the two minds is sick.

In such a case the will power is impaired. It would probably be found that the complaining person is also irritable, passionate, perhaps consumed by self contemplation. In many cases of this order relief could no doubt be gained through treatment by suggestion. But in vastly the greater number the patient is competent to minister to himself. He is still capable of exerting the will, and in this exercise lies complete and permanent cure. Furthermore, the cure does not apply alone to the particular noise that may have called for it. It will be found to have influenced the mind permanently. The injurious effects attributed to noise do not proceed from without, but from within. They do not inhere in the aerial vibrations, but in the mental response made to them.

Finally it ought to be observed that the disease is one that increases by being yielded to. The noise that is first noticed as an annoyance in some moment of irritation, anxiety or other nervous disturbance can be nursed into an object of horror. Time was when folks thought sensitiveness to noise to be evidence of high strung character. They were rather proud of it and trotted it forth in public. The world knows better now. It erects hospitals for the Mrs. Wittitterlys, whom it rather admired in Nicholas Nickleby's time. It no longer holds poor Tom of Bedlam for inspired, and since it has learned how much sickness is either a fruit or a phase of ignorance it is getting a little sick of those sick folks, at least of whom it has a right to look for something better.—New York Evening Sun.

Fruit Good at Any Time.

All fruit is said to be most wholesome the first thing in the morning—and surely no fruit is so cleansing and refreshing and very little so delicious at that hour as a big juicy melon, cooled over night and almost cracking open and voluntarily exposing its red heart after the knife has gone partly through it. Such a melon, however, is just as good at other hours in the hot days, for which it seems to be especially provided as a refreshing experience, something more than the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. It is no wonder the southern darkies are so fond of watermelons. In these most trying days of the long summer of the south the melon is more refreshing than chill dewdrops on the early morning grass, and to the overheated, overwearied and thirsty soul a good juicy ripe one "comes home to the business and the bosoms" of darky and white man alike.—Hartford Times.

Easy Tests For Proving a Diamond.

It is an easy matter to detect the difference between a genuine diamond and an imitation. Take a tube of filtered water and drop the stone therein. If it is paste, it can be seen as it passes through the water, but if pure the eye is unable to see it at all. Another test is to place the stone upon a pencil dot made on a piece of white paper. If the dot is duplicated upon the facets you can rest assured that the stone is a fraud, but if not it is a good stone. The common belief that a stone can be tested by filing is erroneous, for the best diamond ever cut will splinter and break when rasped with this instrument.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Farmer's Mission.

A plaster image which commands an extraordinary sale in the country districts of Germany represents society thus:

On the steps of a sort of stairway which ascends to a little level landing and then comes down again are seven human figures. One represents the emperor, with scepter and crown; another, a nobleman bearing a sword; another, a priest in his cassock; another, a helmeted and armed soldier; another, a beggar with staff and pouch, and last of all, at the foot of the ladder, a farmer or peasant carrying a heavy sack of grain.

Upon each of these figures there is a little legend which represents what each character is supposed to be saying.

The emperor—who, by the way, is not the highest placed figure in the group, that honor having been reserved for the Jew—says, "I govern you all."

The nobleman says, "I lord it over you all."

The priest says, "I pray for you all."

The Jew from his commanding position at the "top of the heap" says, "I make money out of you all."

The soldier says, "I protect you all."

The mendicant says, "I beg from you all."

The farmer, sweating under his burden at the foot of everything, murmurs, "God's will be done, but I feed all six of you!"—Youth's Companion.

The Desire For Happiness.

There are some stars that we cannot see at all when we look straight at them, but which become visible when we look to one side. So there are things that we cannot get when we try directly for them, but which presently fall into our laps if only we try hard enough for something else. Everybody knows it is that way with happiness. Make it a primary object, and it leads you a doubtful chase, but ignore it in the rational pursuit of something else, and presently you may find it perched unnoticed on your shoulder like a bird whose tail has felt the traditional influence of salt.

So, of course, the very first essential to the achievement of happiness of any durable sort is to rise above the necessity of being happy at all. It may be conducive to this sort of achievement to remember that great spirits in all times have found in their own involuntary discontent a spur to exalted endeavor. Neither Lincoln nor Balzac nor Carlyle was a happy man, but they put the saddle and bridle on their own depression and rode it under whip and spur into immortality. Columbus himself had low spirits, and Socrates and the judicious Hooker both had Xantippes.—Exchange.

Trinity's Bronze Doors.

Two of the three bronze doors which William Waldorf Astor has given to Trinity church, in New York, have been put in places in the side portals of the church and already have attracted the attention of many visitors. Each door is the independent conception of a sculptor, while all three are parts of the plan of an architect. Richard M. Hunt drew the architectural design into which the doors are fitted. To Carl Bitter was assigned the great front portal. His work is now under way, having been delayed by the sculptor's occupation in the decoration of the Administration building at the World's fair. When he has finished his panels and the front door is cast in bronze, it will be swung, and the whole will be formally dedicated.—New York Letter.

Routed the Dog Catchers.

Dog catchers on Tuesday attempted to capture a canine belonging to a certain butcher. The butcher and a crowd of bystanders gave chase after the wagon, and overtaking it stopped the vehicle, cut the harness, set the horse loose, released all the imprisoned dogs and gave the dog catcher and his assistants a severe mauling.—New York News.

The British Crown Plate.

The British crown plate includes a peacock of precious stones, valued at £35,000, which came from India; a tiger's head with a solid ingot of gold for a tongue and crystal teeth, and a magnificent gold shield, valued at nearly £10,000, which was made from snuffboxes by order of George IV.—London Tit-Bits.

A FULL STOMACH

ought to cause you no discomfort whatever. If it does, though—if there's any trouble after eating—take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're a perfect and convenient vest-pocket remedy. One of these tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules at a dose regulates and corrects the entire system. Sick or Bilious Headaches, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and permanently cured.

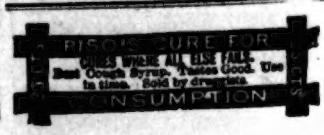
They're the smallest, easiest to take, cheapest, and best. They're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or money is returned.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is perfectly, permanently, positively cured by Doctor Sage's Catarrh Remedy. The proprietors of this medicine prove that by their offer. It's $500 cash for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure. By all druggists, 50 cents.

EPILEPSY OR FITS

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—I say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of *to-day*. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.



FIRE AT OMAHA.

Farnam Street Theater Completely Destroyed.

TOTAL LOSS ESTIMATED AT $250,000

Five Firemen Injured, Two Fatally—Detailed Statement of the Losses and a List of the Names of the Losers—Origin of the Fire Unknown, But Supposed to Have Been Caused by the Falling of an Arc Electric Light—First Discovered on the Stage.

OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 8.—The Farnam Street theatre, on the northeast corner of Fifteenth and Farnam streets, has been completely destroyed by fire. The building was of brick, 77 feet by 132 in size, and was four stories high in front and five in the rear. On the first floor were a number of stores, the stocks of which were ruined. The total loss is estimated at $252,000. Six persons, five of them firemen, were injured by falling walls. They are: J. M. Gaynor, spectator, head and spine injured; J. H. Scott, pipeman, bruised on head and body; Ed. Simpson, ladderman, arm broken; John McBride, fire captain, cut about head and leg—dangerously injured; Pipeman Kiesner, cuts about the head and concussion of the brain; Pipeman Maison, severe cuts about head; Pipeman Al. Jerome, missing. McBride and Kiesner are thought to be fatally injured.

The opera house, which occupied the four floors above the first, was insured for $90,000 and was worth $200,000. Snow, Lund & Co., druggists on the ground floor, were damaged to the extent of $9,000, the insurance just about covering the amount; J. J. Mullen, a confectioner, lost a $5,000 stock, insured for $3,500; Lenz & Williams, saloonkeepers, next door to the theatre building, lost on stock and fixtures $8,000 and were insured for $5,000; Jack Wood, saloon on the ground floor of the theatre building lost $15,000 and held insurance to the amount of $6,500; Ed Wittig, beer saloon operator, adjoining theatre building, lost $3,000 and was insured for $1,500; Henry Allenspach, ticket broker in the theatre building, lost $300; uninsured. Pardeen's bath and barber shop in the theatre basement, lost $3,000; half insured. The American Fuel company on first floor, lost furniture and fixtures worth $500; fully insured. J. S. Scott, cigar dealer in the same office, lost $600; insured. A. Rubenstein, dye shop in the basement, lost $300; uninsured. Dr. Jackman, dentist on the second floor, lost $3,500; partially insured. Hess & Swobodia, florists, lost $300; uninsured. N. M. Ruddy, optician, lost $2,500; half insured.

The origin of the fire is not known. It was discovered in the stage about 5 o'clock, just after "The Waifs of New York" had ended a rehearsal, and it is thought that the fire started from a spark thrown out during the fire scene in the play or from a cigarette dropped by one of the players. Another theory that it was caused by the falling of an arc-light. The theater employes at first attempted to put out the fire by using the hose in the building, but this was soon given up and a general alarm sounded. The falling in of a portion of the roof carried the fire into the middle of the building, and the firemen, owing to an unaccountable weakness of the water pressure, could for a time do nothing with it.

The first three of the injured were hurt by falling timbers, which fell from the high portion of the rear wall. This caused the collapse of the north wall. At 10:30 the west wall crumbled and it was here that the last of the firemen named were injured. All of them were buried in the debris, being carried down to the sidewalk from a narrow balcony on which they were working. Al Jerome, one of the squad, was still missing at a late hour, and is believed to be lying dead at the bottom of the pile. On account of the menacing condition of the walls yet standing Fire Chief Galligan said that he would not order his men beneath them to search for the missing firemen. When the east wall fell the mass crushed the one-story saloon buildings of Lentz & Williams and Ed Wittig, completely wrecking the buildings and destroying the stocks of both.

KILLED HIS GUEST,

But the Guest Had Abused His Host's Hospitality.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 3.—Luig Salvadori shot and instantly killed Benjamin Socola, who was a guest at his home in Cecil township, near McDonald. Socola was a stranger seeking employment. He stopped with Salvadori, a countryman, to spend the night. The family and guest drank freely of beer. About midnight Salvadori went out for fuel for the fire. During his absence Socola attempted to outrage Salvadori's wife, felling her to the floor with his fist.

When Salavadori returned he ordered Socola to leave. This the latter refused to do, whereupon Salavadori, who had three loaded rifles in the house, seized one and fired at his guest, missing him. With the second gun he shot Socola through the head, killing him. With the third gun he put a ball through Socola's heart. Salavadori then gave himself up to the authorities and was locked up in the Washington county jail.

Death Blow of the Seamen's Union.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 3.—What is considered to be the death blow of the Seamen's union has been given it by agents of the Pacific Coast Steamship company. It has been the custom to allow regular time and one-half for every hour of extra work. This materially increased the wages of the freight handlers, especially during the grain season. Monday the firm of Goodall, Perkins & Co. announced they would henceforth refuse to pay for extra work. This will save the company $40,000 yearly. The coast seamen have been on a strike during the past year, committing dynamite outrages, cutting anchor chains and beating non-union men, and it is probable that they will make war on the Pacific coast line if the former scale of wages is not resumed immediately.

Made an Assignment.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 3.—Henry Humbert & Co., manufacturers of jellies and table delicacies at 818 Fulton street, Brooklyn, have made an assignment to Francis A. Doyle. They claimed in August last to have an investment of $19,500 in stock machinery.

Broke Milwaukee's Treasury.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Oct. 3.—The fire and police departments and a majority of the city officials drew their September pay and it broke the city treasury.

WRECK ON THE BIG FOUR.

Three Men Killed and Three Others Injured in a Collision.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 2.—At 5:30 a. m. freight train No. 63 on the Big Four railroad ran into three loaded flat cars at Edgewood. The engine was lifted bodily rom its trucks and the tender thrown down a thirty-foot embankment. On the front of the first car in the train three tramps from Columbus were riding. They were pinned in the wreckage and two of them boiled to death by escaping steam. The other was fearfully crushed about the head and breast and was taken from the debris only to die shortly afterward. The track was torn up for about two hundred yards. The wreck train was summoned and the crew began the work of clearing the track.

While prying a car off the rails a tie flew up and struck William Hobusch in the pit of the stomach. It is thought he is fatally injured. The names of the killed are: Joe Jordan, a chain maker of Columbus, O.; James Murphy, Columbus, foundry man, and Joseph Blanch. Injured: Frank Brofferman, Van Wert, O., both legs broken; R. M. Hughes, operator at Edgewood, leg broken; William Bobusch, section hand, internally injured. Superintendent Gibson of the Big Four places the blame on the switch engine crew. They had run three loaded cars on the main track and had gone back on the siding for more cars, thus tresspassing on the fast freight's time.

MANY LAKE VESSELS WRECKED.

The Crews All Rescued Without the Loss of a Life.

CHICAGO, Oct. 2.—The southeast gale resulted in a long series of wrecks being added to the heavy roll of marine losses for the present season of navigation on the lakes. The storm seems to have been the most severe on the west shore of Lake Michigan from Racine north to Green Bay. The aggregate of the losses so far reported is about $45,000. The crews of all the wrecked vessels were rescued without loss of life. The following are the boats: Schooner J. T. Johnson, water-logged in Milwaukee bay; schooner Margaret A. Muir, foundered off Ahnapec; scow Sassacus, stranded at Jackson port; barge Advance, water-logged in Sturgeon bay; barge Darley, water-logged at Sturgeon bay; schooner Stafford, stranded at Sheboygan; schooner Badger, leaking, Milwaukee; schooner D. R. Martin, waterlogged, Milwaukee.

CHOSE A CHINESE FOR A WIFE.

Commander Whiting of the Navy Soon to Wed a Celestial Maiden.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 2.—The matrimonial alliance between Commander W. H. Whiting, U. S. N., and Miss Ah Fong, the Chinese maiden of Hawaii, will soon be consummated. The only obstacle in the way has been removed by an order issued from the navy department relieving Commander Whiting from the command of the Alliance and granting him a month's leave of absence with permission to apply for an extension.

This leave, it is understood, is desired by Commander Whiting for the purpose of going to San Francisco to meet and marry his fiance who has just arrived there from Honolulu. He applied for it a month or more ago, but on account of the troubles in Nicaragua, the department was unwilling to have him leave Corinto, where the Alliance is now stationed.

DIED ON ONE GALLOWS.

Five Negro Murderers Hanged at Once at Mt. Vernon, Ga.

ATLANTA, Ga., Sept. 29.—Five negroes were hanged together on one scaffold at Mt. Vernon, Montgomery county, Ga. Three of them murdered Alexander Patterson, a rich merchant last July, the fourth killed a 5-year-old child and the fifth murdered a negro companion. It was the first hanging in Montgomery county since the war. Abouth 1,000 spectators surrounded the scaffold, which had been erected in a public place.

Jesse Pomeroy Tries to Escape.

BOSTON, Sept. 29.—Some days ago it was discovered by an officer of the state prison that Jesse Pomeroy, the boy murderer of twenty years ago, who is serving a life sentence in solitary confinement, had been digging out the mortar in which the stones of his cell were laid, and a search of his quarters revealed, hidden away in crevices between the stones, an iron bar weighing two pounds or more, a rasp, piece of steel wire and a small piece of tempered steel. How he obtained the articles is a mystery.

Kansas Women and the Offices.

TOPEKA, Kan., Sept. 29.—Many women have been placed in nomination for county offices, such as coroner, register of deeds and county clerk, in Kansas this year, and the office of attorney general is flooded with inquiries as to whether they are eligible as candidates. The attorney general has stated that he has been unable to find anything in the books that would prevent them from qualifying for any county office in case of their election.

Died of Hiccoughs.

ST. PAUL, Oct. 2.—Dr. L. P. Dodge of Farmington, chairman of the Republican congressional committee of the third district, died here suddenly of hiccoughs. He had an operation performed upon him within the past two days, and the hiccoughs wore him out. Dr. Dodge was a member of the board of managers of the state reform school at Owatonna and had been prominent in public life for twenty years. He was 60 years old.

Forest Fires in Ohio.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 2.—A dispatch to The Enquirer from Winchester, O., says: Forest fires are raging to an alarming extent near this city and in Jefferson township people are fleeing from their homes as there is no water to fight the flames. Many farm houses and barns have already been destroyed and there are rumors of loss of life which, however, are not yet confirmed.

Prizes Awarded Patriarchs Militant.

CHICAGO, Sept. 28.—The award of prizes to Patriarchs Militant in the World's fair competitive drill was as follows: Class A—Elwood (Ind.) canton, first prize and Stokes medal; Frank Canton, Germantown, O., second; Excelsior, of Chicago, third. Class B—Oswego, of New York, first; Wright, of Worcester, O., second.

Woman Burned to Death.

MCKEESPORT, Pa., Sept. 28.—Mrs. John Cox of Port Perry, was burned to death by the explosion of a lamp. She was 40 years of age and leaves a husband and several children.

Tammany Beats Lamplighter.

GUTTENBURG, Sept. 28.—In the match race here for $10,000 Tammany beat Lamplighter by five lengths in 2:05¼.

DROWNED LIKE RATS.

OVER A SCORE OF MICHIGAN MINERS MET DEATH.

The Worst Disaster Which Ever Befell the Mining Industry in the Upper Peninsula—The Wives and Children of the Buried Victims Rend the Air with Their Cries and Wailing.

ISHPEMING, Mich., Sept. 29.—A heavy fall of ground occurred at the Mansfield mine, near Crystal Falls, entombing thirty-seven men, with no chance of escape. The accident occurred during the night and when the water of the Michigamme river came rushing into the mine the men at work were entrapped like a lot of rats. It is not possible that any escaped. Most of the victims are Cornishmen and nine-tenths of them are men with large families. This fact lends additional horror to what is one of the worst disasters which has ever befallen the mining industry in the upper peninsula.

Heart-Rending Scenes.

The number of the victims is placed at thirty-seven. Mansfield is an isolated station on the Chicago and Northwestern road. The greatest excitement prevails and it is almost impossible to get connected details of the disaster and the names of the victims. The wives and children of the buried miners are rending the air with their cries and wailing.

J. L. Longyear of Marquette is the principal fee owner of the Mansfield mine. The mine was the only active one in the Crystal Falls district on account of it being a producer of high grade Bessemer ore. It has a producing capacity of about 60,000 tons per annum and gave employment to about 100 men. The Mansfield mine has always been considered a dangerous one to work in, and such a disaster has often been predicted.

Entirely Filled with Water.

The Mansfield mine is one of the Schlesinger group and is operated by Corrigan, Ives & Co. of Cleveland. The mine reaches out under the river, but the earth between the workings and the stream were supposed to be of such a thickness as to make the flooding of the mine impossible and no extra precautions had been taken against a disaster of this kind. The night shift of men went into the mine at the usual time and were deep in the pit when the break occurred. As no one escaped, it is not known whether or not the men had any warning of the impending calamity, but it is not considered possible. The cave-in is about 150 feet in diameter, and the mine is entirely filled with water to the river level, and it is impossible for any one to be alive.

CRYSTAL FALLS, Mich., Oct. 2.—It is probable that the bodies of the twenty-eight victims of the Mansfield mine disaster Thursday night will never be recovered. There has been talk of turning the bed of the Michigamme river, and this is the only way the bodies could be recovered, and the residents of Iron county are not in a financial condition to stand the expense.

As the facts appertaining to the condition of the mine become known, great indignation is manifested against the mine officials for permitting men to venture into the death trap and against the mine inspector for not having caused a suspension of operations. The upper levels had been in a dangerous condition for months. No mining engineer had been employed for over a year and the miners have been digging away blindly and without direction in the bowels of the earth. Erickson, the superintendent of the Mansfield mine, has arrived from Chicago. He is not a pratical mining man, however, and only a short time ago was driver of a delivery wagon in this town. There is certain to be a rigid investigation and a large number of damage suits will follow. The mine is a total wreck, and will never be worked again.

MANIA FOR OPENING LETTERS.

Chief Clerk in a Postoffice Arrested by Inspectors.

TYRONE, Pa., Oct. 2.—Samuel L. Williams, chief clerk of the Tyrone postoffice, was arrested by special inspectors of the postoffice department, charged with opening and abstracting money from registered letters. Since Aug. 23 numerous complaints have been made to the postoffice department that registered letters have been rifled in this vicinity and detectives were sent to ferret out the thief with the above result. Williams said he did not do it from need or desire for money, but simply from an unexplainable mania for opening letters. This statement is verified, as after his arrest he restored all the stolen money, amounting to nearly $800, to the officers. Williams was taken to Altoona in the afternoon, where he will have a hearing before United States Commissioner W. A. Ambrose.

Valuable Cattle Cremated.

TOLEDO, O., Sept. 28.—A special to The Commercial from Canton, O., says that the extensive stables of the Stark County Agricultural association were destroyed by an incendiary fire and with them perished thirty head of valuable cattle that were on exhibition at the county fair. Owing to the large quantity of straw they contained the buildings burned rapidly and it was impossible to make any attempt to save the cattle. Private exhibitors lost considerable of their personal effects in the fire. The loss is estimated at $75,000.

Strip Boomers Burned to Death.

GUTHRIE, Sept. 28.—A disastrous prairie fire occurred in the western part of the Cherokee strip and scores of settlers lost all their property and many narrowly escaped with their lives. John Baker and a Mr. Thomas and his family were burned to death. Two children of Mrs. George Harrison are missing and it is thought they have perished. Mrs. Thompson and two children were fatally burned and Mrs. J. S. Kennedy and two children were badly injured by the flames and smoke.

Colonel North's Auction of His Dogs.

LONDON, Oct. 2. — Small prices were realized Saturday at the auction sale of a number of the greyhounds of Colonel North, the "nitrate king." Some of the dogs were sold for 2 guineas. The highest price paid was 35 guineas.

Alarm of Fire Causes a Panic.

WARSAW, Oct. 2.—During the service at a synagogue at Gora-Calvaraa false alarm of fire caused a panic and a stampede in the building. During the rush for the door seven women were injured and a child was suffocated.

North Dakota Bank Robbed.

GRAND FORKS, N. D., Sept. 28. — The Bank of Halsted, a small town on the Minnesota side, about forty miles south of this city, was raided and robbed of $350.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S ILLNESS.

He Is Recovering from His Sickness Very Slowly—Growing Decrepit Fast.

KISSENGEN, Oct. 2.—As is usual in the case of aged convalescents, it is hard to determine from one day to another what Prince Bismarck's condition will be. It is certain that his last illness has left permanent marks upon him, and it is doubtful if he will ever recover his usual health and strength. His progress toward recovery has been again retarded by the entire failure of his appetite. He will now scarcely touch food. The reports that he had suffered an attack of paralysis are borne out by the fact that his right hand is apparently completely useless. He salutes with his left hand and is even compelled to sign his name with that hand.

He has aged in looks very much since his sickness and in appearance is very decrepit. He cannot enter or leave his carriage without assistance and whenever he goes driving two men servants help him out and into the vehicle. The prince complains that he is afflicted day and night with pain. He is much broken. Count Herbert Bismarck says that his father's illness was brought on by his taking a bath when the temperature was 28 degrees Reaumur, and afterward standing bareheaded for fifteen minutes receiving the deputtaion from Frankfort that visited him on Aug. 27.

PRESIDENTIAL CRANK IDENTIFIED.

Recognized by His Brother from the Newspaper Descriptions.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 2.—The police department have learned the identity of the crank who gave the name of Joseph Washington when arrested nearly a week ago for trying to force his way into the executive mansion. His brother John Gantz, a merchant of Tacoma, Pa., recognized a description of the unfortunate given in the papers and wired Major Moore that he would come and take his brother back to Pennsylvania with him. He also gives the information that the imprisoned man's name is Joseph Gantz, the same name written on the bosom tag of the shirt he was wearing when arrested.

Gottlieb Spiller, the crank arrested Saturday because he wanted to make a Mason of President Cleveland and then have the president present his claim of $150,000,000,000 against the government, was known at his boarding place in this city as Spiegel. He is rational at intervals and talks freely. He is a native of Germany, where his mother still lives, and has a brother in business in New York. He was confined in the New York insane asylum for a long time, but released as cured several months ago. His relatives will be notified.

Will Bolt the Republican Party.

DENVER, Oct. 2.—A morning paper printed a dispatch from Washington stating that Senator John P. Jones of Nevada had announced his intention of bolting the Republican party and joining the Populists. The senator's reasons are the utter hopelessness of inducing the Republican party to side with the people against the "Wall street gold bugs" in the war on silver, and the people's party being the only one that has kept its promise to fight unceasingly for free coinage, the best thing to do is to merge all supporters of the silver cause in one body.

Water Famine in Mexico.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 29.—A special to the Globe-Democrat from San Luis Potosi, Mex., says that city and surrounding country is suffering from a severe water famine and the poor people are perishing for want of the life-giving fluid. The scenes around the public fountains are extremely pitiful. The fountains are almost dry, and women wait hours in the sun for their turn to fill their water jars and then have to go off with barely a few mouthfuls of water given them out of charity by some professional water carrier, and often as not the gift is half mud.

No Changes in the Amalgamated Scale.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 2.—Concerning the request of the iron and steel manufacturers that the Amalgamated association conference committee be convened for a reconsideration of the wage scale, by which the manufacturers desired that they be given the benefit of the reduction from 2 to 1¼ cents on bar iron, President Garland of the Amalgamated association was quite emphatic in his declaration that the organization would not consent to any changes whatever being made in the sheet scale. What action the manufacturers will take is not yet known.

Hamburg's Sanitary Condition.

QUARANTINE, Oct. 2.—In an interview Dr. Nash, who just arrived on the steamer Augusta Victoria from Hamburg, states that the sanitary condition of the city of Hamburg is absolutely perfect. He considers the present cases of cholera in that city as sporadic and indicative of no complications. The city is clean, he says, and with the filtered water supply and good sewerage system no further spread of the disease is possible. The authorities of the city are using all possible precautions to prevent the spread of the disease

Will Run Their Mine with Negroes.

PITTSBURG, Kan., Oct. 2.—The Western Coal and Mining company has arranged for 100 more dwelling houses at Yale for their colored miners. A school house and church will also be built by the company. Another importation of Alabama negroes is expected about Monday or Tuesday of next week. They will be put to work in Yale and Fleming. This will make over 400 negroes employed by this company.

Preparing for Manhattan Day.

NEW YORK, Oct. 2.—The first meeting of the committee appointed by Mayor Gilroy to make preparations for the holding of a Manhattan day at the World's fair on Oct. 21 was held in the governor's room of the city hall. Many distinguished men attended the meeting. The mayor was instructed to issue a proclamation inviting everybody to go. Twenty thousand dollars will be expended to consummate the event.

Another of Our "Best Citizens."

TOPEKA, Kas., Oct. 2.—Ross Jones, postmaster of Cedar Junction, Douglass county, has been lodged in jail in this city charged with stealing registered letters from the mail. Several separate charges have been lodged against him. He has been engaged in a systematic pilfering of letters for a long time. He has always stood high in business, social and religious circles in his community.

Tennessee Bank Goes Under.

HUNTINGDON, Tenn., Oct. 2.—The Bank of Carroll, the oldest bank of the city, has failed. Cashier R. F. Truslow acknowledges using $5,000 of the bank's funds. The county funds are locked up and the public schools may be forced to close. Truslow has turned over all his property.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

BRIEF ITEMS OF INTEREST TO ILLINOIS READERS.

Telegraphic Events Occurring Throughout the State Put in a Condensed Form—A Record of a Week's Most Interesting News.

DECATUR, Ills., Sept. 28.—It has leaked out that just before Bishop Fowler at the Illinois conference at Clinton made the assignment of ministers the Rev. Charles A. Crane of Danville quietly went forward and informed the bishop that he had telegraphed to Chicago his purpose of preferring charges of heresy against the Rev. James Miller of Rock River conference, who had sought admission to the Illinois conference. The bishop had previously consented to admit Miller to the confer ence, and had put him down for Grace church at Bloomington, which is attended by the students and faculty of the Illinois Wesleyan university.

The notice from Crane arrested the character of Miller, and pending the final disposition of the case Mr. Miller will not appear in any pulpit. Last fall he asked for a transfer to the Rock River conference, and took charge of the Marshfield Avenue church in Chicago. In August he concluded to leave the Chicago church, and returned to the Illinois conference. He is an orthodox Methodist, and is one of the best preachers in the conference. The accusation against Mr. Miller has caused a sensation throughout the conference, and those familiar with the nature of the newspaper discussion between the two ministers look upon the case as one of personal animosity on the part of Crane.

BAD ACCIDENT ON THE "Q."

An Engineer Killed and Eleven Persons Severely Injured.

STREATOR, Ills., Sept. 29.—A head-end collision occurred on the Fox River branch of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railway four miles north of this city between two freight trains. Engineer Gribbell, of Aurora, was killed and the following others hurt: Engineer Lumsden, of Aurora, foot crushed and internal injuries; Arthur Fields, of Ottawa, shoulder broken and internal injuries; Rev. Zipper, Ottawa, severe internal injuries; Mary Kanough, aged 9, leg broken; John Kanough, wife, and daughter Annie, cut about the face and internal injuries; Adam Clouse, severe internal injuries; Jasper Ruple, brakeman, Aurora, severely cut about the head; Mrs. Cora Fetzer, Ottawa, cut about the head and face; Mrs. Verner, Ottawa, internal injuries.

Quarantine Is Dissolved.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 2.—Governor Altgeld has issued proclamations dissolving the quarantine against the counties of Benton, Washington, Carroll, Madison, Boone, Newton, Marion, Searcey, Baxter, Stone, Fulton, Izard, Sharp, Independence, Lawrence, Randolph, Greene and Clay, in Arkansas, which was imposed on account of Texas fever. He also dissolved the quarantine against the communities where pleuro-pneumonia formerly prevailed, the disease having been completely eradicated.

Wants 1,000,000 Postage Stamps.

SYRACUSE, Ills., Oct. 2.—Fred Ullrich, the 14-year-old boy who had the flesh from his leg, bitten off by ferocious dogs recently, has secured an offer of enough money to buy a cork leg for 1,000,000 canceled postage stamps. He desires school teachers to have their pupils collect stamps for him and to forward them to him at Sycamore. He has been a stamp collector for several years and has a small collection now.

Cordage Works Resume.

PEORIA, Ills., Oct. 2. — The Peoria Cordage works, which shut down some time ago, started up ten days ago on half time. On the 10th of October they will fully resume and run night and day, giving employment to 250 men. Mr. Kingman, who controls the works, informed a United Press reporter that the orders have been piling up for some time and it will be next to an impossibility to catch up this winter.

Illinois Free Methodists.

AUBORA, Ills., Sept. 28.—The session of the Illinois Free Methodist conference was devoted mainly to hearing reports from the various churches and passing upon the character of the ministers. The president ruled that an organ used at a funeral service is a violation of the principles of the church. At the devotional meetings remarks by the ministers show that they consider the World's fair ungodly and that it was a sin to visit it.

He Carried the News to Lincoln.

ALTON, Ills., Sept. 30.—Judge Irvine B. Randle, one of the oldest and most prominent residents of Madison county, died at his home in this city yesterday. He was identified with the history of this county for forty years, was a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln and the first to carry to him the news of his nomination for president in 1861.

Attempted Assassination.

OAKLAND, Ills., Oct. 2.—Another attempt at murder occurred ten miles southwest of this city. Nicholas Hubert was shot and mortally wounded in his own dooryard by some unknown assassin. Suspicion points to one Thomas Wells, a broomcorn cutter, as the guilty man.

Firebugs Caught in the Act.

ELGIN, Ills., Sept. 29.—Eva Venible and Della Harding, colored, about 15 years old, were caught in the act of setting fire to S. M. Mason's home. They are believed to be responsible for a number of fires here.

Resumed in all Departments.

CANTON, Ills., Sept. 29.—The extensive agricultural implement works of the Parlin & Orindorff company have resumed operations in all departments, employing about 800 men.

Ghastly Find of Cattlemen.

TUSKHOMA, I. T., Ont. 2.—While some cattlemen were hunting cattle near Nelson they found a pair of boots in a thicket. On picking them up they found the legs and feet of a man in them. They then began to search around through the thicket and found the skeleton of a man with all of the flesh eaten from the bones. It is thought to be the remains of a young man who was living in that community and was under bond for his appearance at the United States court at South McAlester for using brass knuckles on a man.

Cholera Reports at Hamburg.

HAMBURG, Oct. 2.—Three new cases of cholera and one death from cholera are reported here

THE NEWS CONDENSED

Items of Interest Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

Independence, Ia., is to have a $25,000 public building, donated by a generous resident. Ground has been broken for the building and the work will be pushed at once.

Frank Bruce, safe blower, of Terre Haute, Ind., has been safely landed in the penitentiary for his nine-year term. His confederate, John Henry, alias Whalen, has been incarcerated for six years.

Lieutenant B. B. Buck, Sergeant Linse and Private Sheffield of the United States army at Fort Douglass, Utah, have been indicted for the killing of Joseph Leonard, an ex-soldier, at the fort June 12.

A. Sauer of Joliet has been appointed by the Illinois auditor of public accounts as state inspector of building and loan associations.

Dave Bohannon, ex-United States Marshal and Indian police, killed Ben Forman, a prominent Choctaw, who lived near South Canadian, I. T., at South McAlester. Both men had been drinking.

Mrs. A. K. Hill of Denver was badly hurt in a collision of the "Q" branch road near Yates City, Ills.

The largest fire brick works in Missouri, the Mexico factory, resumed work at Mexico.

* * *

President Cleveland has determined to discontinue his public receptions.

Adjutant General Orendorff has dishonorably discharged Edward V. Bell of company M, Fifth Illinois infantry, from the service of the state militia.

A. E. Matteson, aged 72, went into the burning house of his son-in-law in Alamo Center, Mich., and was suffocated.

By a premature explosion in the Cascade quarry, at Burlington, Ia., Ed Lossetta and John Busch were fatally burned.

Three of the four prisoners escaped from the jail at Schuyler county, Ills., by digging through the wall. No trace of them has been found.

The Sunday closing movement at Oshkosh, Wis., has fallen through. William Levy, a barber, was the first victim, but he was acquitted, thus killing the cases against the others.

Nellie Gray, the horse thief who was captured after a chase of fifty miles, has been declared insane at Valparaiso, Ind. She will be sent to the asylum at Logansport.

* * *

Governor Altgeld has pardoned Charles H. Davis sent to the penitentiary from Cook county in October, 1892, for four years for robbery.

Philadelphia intends to put a monument in honor of James A. Garfield in Fairmount park. The sum of $15,000 has already been raised to pay for the monument, and Augustus St. Gaudens has been selected as its designer.

Eight desperate prisoners escaped from the branch prison on Big Mountain, Tenn., It is thought they were assisted either by trusties or civilians.

The Wolfley canal dam site in Arizona and franchises were sold by the sheriff to satisfy a judgment. Goldman & Co. bought them for the Peoria Construction company of Illinois for $7,534.80.

Axel Sorenson has been arrested by the San Francisco police for alleged complicity in the dynamite outrage last week. He is a sailor, once having worked on the lakes at Chicago.

W. C. Holt, clerk of Pendleton county, Ky., confesses a shortage of $4,500.

* * *

William O'Brien, a noted thief, was arrested as he stepped from the Joliet penitiary and taken to Boston, where he is wanted.

The final hearing of the Iron Hall case was set at Indianapolis for Nov. 6. Receiver Failey filed his first report giving a financial accounting.

Bondsmen of C. T. Gale, defaulting treasurer of Laramie, Wyo., have made a compromise with the city council. Gale has pleaded guilty to embezzlement.

Burglars blew the safe of a co-operative store at Sargent's Bluff, Ia., and stole $300

A new troop of cavalry for the Illinois National guard is to be organized at Springfield.

The reunion of the survivors of the Seventy-third Illinois infantry volunteers will be held at Springfield Oct. 10 and 11.

J. E. Montague, former agent of the St. Paul railroad at Berlin, Wis., has been arrested on the charge of being short in his accounts.

Loretta, the 5-year-old daughter of John Scully of Wichita, Kan., was left alone in the house. Her clothing caught fire and she was burned to death.

* * *

Fireman Maxon has sued Division Brotherhood Officer Burns and the International Brotherhood of Engineers for $10,000 damages at Cedar Rapids, Ia., alleging he was wrongfully discharged for intoxication.

Near Hopkinsville, Ky., James Southers almost cut John Chapman's head off and then disemboweled him. The men had quarreled over the ownership of a pair of check lines.

Professor Edward L. Briggs, teacher of mathematics in the Harrisburg, Pa., public schools, has been dismissed for drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

Mrs. Clark has secured a $4,000 verdict against the Milwaukee and St. Paul road at Cedar Rapids, Ia., for the killing of her husband.

That Tired Feeling

The marked benefit which people overcome by That Tired Feeling derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." J. B. Emerton, a well known merchant of Auburn, Maine, says: "About five years ago I began to suffer with very severe **pain in my Stomach**, gradually growing worse. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, being convinced that I was troubled with **Dyspepsia** complicated with **Liver and Kidney** troubles. I improved at once and am certainly very much better and feel more like working.

Mr. J. B. Emerton.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

always gives me relief and great comfort. **It is a God-send** to any one suffering as I did."

HOOD'S PILLS cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 7, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week;

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—M. Coquelin and Mme. Jane Hading.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Henry Irving and Ellen Terry.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Brother John."

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Felix Morris.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"The Ensign."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash aveune and Nineteenth street—Lew Dockstader's Minstrels.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

AMERICAN CHIVALRY DISGRACED BY MILLET.

One of the inscrutable scourges with which a beneficent Providence occasionally chastises humanity, is the placing, in positions of temporary power, men of small brains and mean dispositions. Frank D. Millet, born in Connecticut—where, doubtless, he was suckled on vinegar and played with wooden nutmegs—and subsequently transported by his family to England, where he was "raised" on a diet of roast beef and whisky negus, was unaccountably picked out by the infatuated managers of the World's Fair, to superintend the decorations on the different buildings. Millet had acquired some reputation in "Britain," as a dauber in paints, and, we believe, was an "artist in the field" for a British newspaper during the Carlist war in Spain and the Russo-Turkish war, in company with such gallant Irish, and Irish-American, gentlemen as John Augustus O'Shea and the late Edward O'Donovan and James A. MacGahan. This gave him added "reputation," whether or not he obtained it "at the cannon's mouth." But Mr. Millet, notwithstanding his association with much better and, possibly, braver men than himself, achieved no such renown, either as an artist or a journalist, as to entitle him to be selected for the important position he holds, by the World's Fair directory. There were plenty of good Americans, without the "broad arrow" of England upon them, in the political sense, who would have fulfilled all the duties of the office much more acceptably, and who would have saved America the humiliation of insulting the most American element of her foreign born citizens, by an act at once unnecessary, boorish and dastardly.

THE CITIZEN felicitates Mr. Millet on having ordered the Irish flag hauled down on a wet day, when few people were around to observe the outrage, for, assuredly, if he, or his myrmidons, had been caught in the act by the Irish-American citizens, assembled to do honor to both America and Ireland, their lives would not have been worth a bad penny; and every decent American, or man of any other nationality, except a racial renegade and jaundiced British Tory, like Mr. Millet, would, had a tragedy occurred in the excitement of the moment, if summoned upon a jury, have rendered a verdict of "justifiable homicide." THE CITIZEN, therefore, congratulates Mr. Millet on the fact that he and his gang are not now putrefying carcasses, and it much more heartily congratulates the Irish-American people on having escaped, by accident, the mortification of soiling their manly hands with ignoble blood.

We are informed that an Irishman, named Hunt, obeyed the ruffianly order to haul down the flag of Limerick and Fontenoy, and of Antietam and Fredericksburg. He had no right to obey such an order. He was not under military discipline, and ought to have told Millet to go to the devil, or else do the dirty job himself. A month or two's pay is a poor compensation to this man for having made himself immortally infamous, at the bidding of a miserable bigot, who degraded his manhood by ordering him to commit an act of unforgivable treason against the gallant flag of his forefathers. In years to come this man, if, indeed, he is an Irishman, will be remembered with "Mullins who sold Aughrim," and the betrayer of O'Sullivan Beare, whose nurse uttered the frightful poetical imprecation, translated from the Gaelic by Callinan:

—May all kinds of evil attend thee!
On the dark road of life
May no kind one befriend thee!
May fevers long burn thee!
May agues long freeze thee!
May the strong hand of God
In his red anger seize thee!
One glimpse of Heaven's light
May you see never!
May the hearthstone of hell
Be your best bed forever!

It is gratifying to note that the American press has, with practical unanimity, denounced the unworthy action of Millet, and it remains to be seen whether Director General Davis, and the Council of Administration, will further stultify themselves by retaining him in office. Colonel Davis ought to have remained upon the ground and seen that his original order, to have the flag hoisted and kept in position, was obeyed to the letter, instead of leaving the matter in the hands of a weak man, like Mr. Burnham, whom Millet was able to twist around his fingers. Between them all they made a nice spectacle of American chivalry, in having, either by sins of commission or omission, insulted the emblem of a people whose brave sons fought for America under that flag, when some of their insulters were aiding and abetting treason and rebellion or else, with the exception of Col. Davis and a few others, hiring substitutes to stop bullets for them.

The thanks of the Irish-American people are due to Prof. John P. Barrett, head of the department of electricity, for the persistent and manly fight he made against Millet. The people will not forget this to the patriotic Professor, and their thanks should be expressed to him in some public and suitable manner, before the incident, in which he figured so creditably, begins to grow old in the public mind. If all Irishmen in office were as practical in their patriotism as Prof. Barrett, who, by the way, was born in America, the Irish race would be much further advanced than it is even at present, and the day of Ireland's final liberation would not be long delayed.

FESTIVAL HALL PROCEEDINGS.

THE CITIZEN this week publishes a plain report of the proceedings at Festival Hall on Irish Day. It has no belief in the science of journalistic muggery, which disfigures the countenances of so many public men at present. The average "line" portrait "artist" ought to be prosecuted for criminal libel.

IRISH DAY.

It is a curious fact that on many occasions in Irish history the elements have assisted England in crushing, or in attempting to crush, Irish national aspirations. The winds and waves that played such sad havoc with the fleet of Hoche off the southern coast of Ireland in 1796 enabled England to continue keeping a firm grip of that country. In March, 1867, on the very night agreed upon by the "rebels" for an insurrection against British rule the snow fell thick and fast all over the land, and the projected guerilla warfare on the mountains, which was previously decided on, had to be abandoned.

Last Saturday, Irish Day at the World's Fair, was characterized by dripping rain and lowering clouds. Yet thousands on thousands of our race braved the elements and crowded Jackson Park, displaying an ordor and enthusiasm worthy of all praise. The parade was held in the very teeth of Jupiter Pluvius and the Green Flag of Ireland and the Stars and Stripes of America floated over the heads of files of marching men—as if defying the wrath and evil machinations of the surly clerk of the weather. In Festival hall in the afternoon Ireland was honored by many a just and appropriate tribute to her fame and name among the nations. Her glorious or sorrowful annals were depicted by several of the speakers in accents of ringing eloquence. They glorified the role played by that country in the far past when her saints travelled all over Europe preaching the gospel of Christ; when universities studded her shores from Mizen Head in Antrim to Cape Clear in Cork, and when she enjoyed the fruits not only of sanctity and learning, but of freedom and independence as well. The general public were informed of the brilliant feats of bravery performed by Irish soldiers on many a hard fought field in the old world and the new; of the services these warriors rendered to the White Flag of the Bourbons and the Tricolor, as well as to the American revolution, and subsequently to the cause of the Union. The music of the harp and a talented rendering of the sweetest of our Irish songs—interlarded, so to speak, between the speeches—added to the enjoyment of the spectators, and were warmly applauded by that mighty multitude.

On the whole, despite wind and weather, Irish Day, was a great triumph for the Irish cause. It proved to the public at large how men and women of Irish blood could gather together in their tens of thousands, and do honor with the most perfect harmony to the dear old land of their early love, while remaining true to the land of their adoption. The lesson to be drawn from such a spectacle is patent to all. It proves beyond yea and nay the thorough capacity of Irishmen to govern themselves, as they have governed and still govern other nationalities in various quarters of the globe. Irish Day will be a red lettered one in the annals of the race on this continent.

NOTICE.

The subscribers, advertisers, and friends of THE CITIZEN in general, are hereby notified that Michael D. O'Brien is no longer connected with this paper in any capacity whatever.

MR. FITZGERALD'S SPEECH.

THE CITIZEN is enabled, with pleasure, to say that the Hon. John E. Fitzgerald's speech, at Festival Hall, on Irish Day, will appear in its next issue. It has Mr. Fitzgerald's promise; and it has confidence that so notable an utterance will not be forever lost to the public.

MAJ. W. C. MCCLURE, who spent the months of July, August and most of September in Ireland, returned a few days ago, and has resumed his duties in the office of the Criminal Court clerk. The Major is looking in excellent health and gives glowing accounts of the beautiful appearance of his native country. He was interviewed several times, both in Belfast and Dublin, and, as usual, upheld the national cause and his friends in this republic. THE CITIZEN congratulates Major McClure on his safe return.

AMONG the distinguished visitors to the World's Fair, on Irish Day, was Col. John Whitehead Byron, formerly of the Eighty-eighth New York Volunteers (Meagher's Irish Brigade) and one of the bravest veterans of that ever glorious corps. Col. Byron is now one of the inspectors of the National Soldiers' Home at Dayton, O.

MARSHAL DENNIS J. SWENIE, chief of the fire department, was seriously hurt at a fire the other day, but is rapidly recovering.

WE clip the following spicy paragraph from the Ottawa *Daily Free Press:* "The fact that Hon. John Costigan declined to attend the dinner given by his colleagues to Sir Richard Webster at the Rideau club was the subject of some comment. Mr. Costigan was in the city, but his friends say he would not stultify himself by imitating Mr. Curran in enthusing over the ex-attorney general in a Coercionist government and the man who persecuted Parnell." The Hon. Mr. Costigan is a member of the cabinet, and yet he is more loyal to Parnell's memory than those so-called Irishmen who drank the "Queen's health" last week in Chicago at the table of Sir Richard Webster.

THE Duke of Fife, the Prince of Wales' son-in-law, was enabled to reach the House of Lords in time to vote against the Home Rule bill by traveling to London in the Queen's special messenger train. As this train is paid for by the government treasury, an inquiry will be made in the House of Commons as to how far it is permissible for the locomotive to be used by a private individual, bent on a political errand. This hauling of Fife over the coals will serve as a lesson to other royalties to be more cautious in future about their transportation arrangements. The Scotch "dook" is a bitter enemy of Irish national aspirations.

THE Lords are still celebrating their recent triumph. The late Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, once remarked that when the House of Peers accomplished a big division, it was so pleasantly tickled that it kept cackling like a hen that had just laid an egg. The last egg of that "august" assembly may yet prove to be an addled one.

MR. FRANK MATHEW, grand nephew of the famous apostle of temperance, and author of a biography of his great uncle, is now on a visit to Ireland gathering material and local color for a forthcoming novel of his dealing with the rebellion of 1798. Mr. Mathew is a London Irishman whose literary fame is developing. The publication of his next volume will be awaited with some curiosity by Irish scholars.

ADMIRERS of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," will be pained to learn that that author's last lineal descendant is so poor as to need public charity in England. He is 70 years old, is paralyzed and blind.

THE green-eyed monster of jealousy is playing sad havoc with the ambitions of Balfour and Chamberlain. Each aspires to be the sole leader of the opposition party in the English commons. They hate each other very decidedly on that account. When rogues fall out, honest men may come in for at least a little of their own.

THE death is announced of a famous Irishman, Mr. Parke, who was the surgeon-in-chief of Stanley's Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. He was born in Drumona, and educated in Trinity College, Dublin. His funeral took place in that city a week ago. The deceased, who was only 38 years old, had given promise of one day becoming the most skilled of contemporary surgeons. He was, moreover, a patriotic Irishman, and often quarreled in a friendly way with Stanley Africanus for his anti-Irish proclivities throughout their journey in search of Emin Pasha.

DR. RUSSELL, the well known Irish war correspondent, is engaged in writing his souvenirs. Russell's maiden triumph in the journalistic field took place in his native city, Dublin, in 1844 when the London newspaper which he then represented was the first in England to announce the result of the famous O'Connell trial of that year. He also wrote up the famine and insurrection of '48 in Ireland, and a portion of the late civil war in this country. His sympathies with the South were so thoroughly English, however, that he was forced, for the good of his health and the safety of his skin, to retire from General McClellan's etat major, to which he was attached, and return to England before the conclusion of the campaign.

PROF. CROUCH, the veteran composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Dermot Astore," is at present on a visit to Boston. He hardly looks the 86 years of his life—he is so lithe and active.

IT is satisfactory to note that all shades and sections of Ireland's members in Westminster, Tory as well as Nationalist, united in urging on the postmaster general the necessity of having the transatlantic mails disembarked at the Cove of Cork. This is practical patriotism.

AN English rural vicar, the Rev. Mr. Leakey, who has been enjoying a holiday in the county of Derry, Ireland, is out with several articles in which he proves himself a fictionist of a most surpassing type. After retailing the usual silly yarns about Catholic intolerance in Ulster, this elaborate lie-spinner informs the public that in view of the advent of home rule the Catholics of Ulster are in anticipation dividing among themselves the landed estates of the Protestants, and selling to such other by auction the reversionary rights. "The beautiful rectory," he pathetically observes, "where I was staying, with its splendid grounds, has, I was assured, been bought for seven shillings and six pence!" The poor parson may, perhaps, have been duped by the apprentice wags of Derry who are proverbially fond of taking a rise out of credulous strangers.

IRISH DAY

At Donegal Castle in the Midway—A Pleasant Entertainment in Spite of the Very Disagreeable Weather.

Irish Day was celebrated in grand style, and with befitting ceremonies, at Mrs. Ernest Hart's Irsh Village. The lord mayor and the lady mayoress of Dublin, were the honored guests, the lord mayor and John F. Finerty the orators on the occasion, and Miss Mary Braddock, Miss Coghlan, Miss Ewing, Miss Harvey, Mr. Collins, Mr. Sweeney and other artists proved again the melodious beauty of Irish music.

The gateway of St. Lawrence, Droghеda, which guards the entrance to Mrs. Ernest Hart's Irish Village, was gay with bunting and from every castellation and turret flew the green flag of Ireland. Inside the walls, and in every cottage, flags and symbols declared it was Irish Day; but alas! the rain was everywhere; it turned the restaurant gardens into ponds, the village green into a bog, and it came soaking through the roof on to the exhibits. Irish Day, however, was a grand day at Donegal Castle. Thousands of patriotic Irishmen passed the turnstiles, thronged the cottages to see the Irish girls spinning and lacemaking, and crowded into the banquet hall to hear a succession of the most delightful concerts of Irish music. THE CITIZEN deeply regrets that, owing to other pressing news of Irish Day, it cannot give a full report of the speeches delivered, and of the good time generally, at Mrs. Hart's Irish Village. It will say, however, that every patriotic Irishman or Irishwoman, who may hereafter visit the World's Fair, until its close, should not fail to patronize the industrial exhibit of the noble hearted English lady, who was, unquestionably, the pioneer of the Irish industrial movement.

HYMENEAL.

HANLEY–BARRY.

St. Bernard's church, at Sixty-sixth street and Stewart avenue, was elaborately decorated Thursday morning of last week, in honor of the wedding of Miss Mabelle Agnes Barry, daughter of Hon. and Mrs. P. T. Barry, No. 66 Yale avenue, and Mr. James Philip Hanley, of Erie, Pa. The ceremony was performed at 10 o'clock, Father Murray officiating in solemn high mass. Miss Barry was gowned in white satin, with long sleeves, high neck and train. Around the bodice was a ruffle of white satin, and the skirt was trimmed with large satin bows. Her tulle veil was caught with white lilies of the valley. She carried a white prayer book. The Misses Marguerite and Katharine Barry, sisters of the bride, were maids of honor. The former wore pink silk crepe, trimmed with marguerites, and carried the same flowers, her large white hat being trimmed with pink feathers and marguerites. Miss Katherine's gown was blue silk crepe, with a white hat trimmed with blue and white feathers and velvet; she carried yellow roses. Little Helen Barry was flower girl, and wore white silk and carried a basket of white flowers. The best man was Daniel Stephen Hanley, brother of the groom, while the ushers were Messrs. William Byrne, Neil Sullivan, M. F. Rafferty and Dr. J. J. Driscoll. A reception was held for seventy-five guests at the home of the bride's parents from 12 to 3 o'clock. The home was also elaborately decorated. Mr. and Mrs. Hanley left in the afternoon for the East. They will be at home after Nov. 1, at Erie, Pa.

BURKE–MELODY.

Miss Nellie Synon Melody, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Melody, was married to Anthony Burke Tuesday evening at 5 o'clock at St. James' Catholic church, on Wabash avenue. During the assemblage of the guests Prof. Archer rendered musical selections upon the organ. The ushers were William Lydon, Charles Hackney, Edward Melody and Charles O'Hara. When the strains of the wedding march were heard the bridal party entered. The bride was attired in white brocaded satin trimmed with chiffron and ribbon. The tulle veil was caught with lillies of the valley and a bouquet of those flowers was carried. She was attended by Miss Genevieve Melody as maid of honor and by two bridemaids, Miss Varonda Murphy and Sara O'Niel. Miss Melody wore pink brocade satin and pink net and carried la France roses and ferns. The bridemaids were attired alike in gowns of cream crepe du chine and carried la France roses tied with pink ribbons. The groom was attended by Eugene Keeley as best man. About three hundred guests witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by the bride's brother, Rev. John Webster Melody, late of the Catholic University of Washington. A reception followed at the house of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Burke will be at home to their friends at No. 3856 Vernon avenue, Tuesdays in December.

DEATH OF REV. P. A. SULLIVAN.

Rev. Patrick A. Sullivan, assistant pastor of St. Patrick's church, Adams and Desplaines streets, died at the residence of his parents, on Monday, the 18th ult., after a short but severe attack of spinal meningitis. Father Sullivan was a most estimable priest, and made himself generally beloved by priests and people. He made his college course and ecclesiastical studies at St. Viateur's college, Kankakee, Ill., and the Professors and students of that institution for the past sixteen years have known and remembered him to love him. Father Sullivan was ordained by Archbishop Feehan, June 15, 1889, and was immediately assigned to St. Patrick's, where for four years he labored incessantly night and day without even a day of rest. Only a strong athletic frame and vigorous constitution, such as his, could have borne up so long under the strain, and when the collapse came and he was no longer able to attend to the burdensome duties which he had so long and faithfully fulfilled, he had to retire to his home to die amid his parents, brothers and sisters.

The funeral took place Wednesday, Sept. 20, from St. Patrick's church, where he had officiated as priest. No ceremony at St. Patrick's had ever brought out such a throng of the faithful. In the neighborhood of the church places of business were closed in honor of the young and faithful priest. About seventy-five priests assisted at the divine office for the dead. Solemn requiem mass was offered with Rev. D. Egan as celebrant, Rev. E. O'Reilly as deacon, and Rev. E. J. Fox as subdeacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. Patrick Egan, of Auburn. We are sorry we have not the exact words of this magnificent effort; suffice it to say that the preacher portrayed the character of a true priest,—and the vast assembly of priests and people present could bear testimony to the fact that Father Sullivan was all that the portrait represented. True, indeed, were his words when he said that the young priest mirrored forth the character of his Divine Exemplar Jesus Christ. May he rest in peace. We tender to the bereaved parents, sisters and brothers of the deceased priest our deepest and sincerest sympathy.

THE TARIFF QUESTION.

[*To the Editor.*]

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Sept. 30.—As long as the United States buys more goods abroad than it sells, so long will it be in financial trouble and in debt. If instead of purchasing foreign goods to the amount of $900,000,000 per year as was done last year, we should cut it down to half or less, by doing our own manufacturing, thus giving employment to thousands of hands and putting into circulation in this country four or five hundred millions of dollars for goods that are now made abroad, it would certainly be of great benefit to this country.

It has been held by those who favor foreign industries because they can buy cheaply something that they can consume, that if we lessen the amount of our purchases abroad it will diminish the demand for our exports. But the facts are that the demand for our food products abroad are entirely independent of what we may buy. Not one dollar's worth of wheat is bought in this country for the purpose of encouraging trade. It is bought because England, France, Germany, and at times other countries, cannot produce as much on their own farms as their respective countries require to sustain life.

Not one dollar's worth of wheat or other food products would be bought in this country if it was not an absolute necessity. Last year our purchases were $108,000,000 more than ever before; instead of the sale of our products increasing, as it was claimed would be the result of an extended trade on our part, the foreigners bought $138,000,000 less of us than last year. This proves very conclusively that foreign countries purchased our cotton and food products according to their needs, without regard to what we buy of them. The years that they have large crops they need less of our products, but at the best they must buy of us, owing to their inability to produce it or get it elsewhere, of cotton and food products, perhaps seven or eight hundred millions each year.

Now if we should reduce our purchases from foreign countries—say to four or five hundred millions—by doing our own manufacturing (and we can produce in this country about everything we need except coffee, tea, spices and diamonds), it would leave the balance of trade in our own favor three hundred millions a pear, and inside of five years we could dictate the financial policy of the world. Three hundred millions of gold added to our circulation each year, besides what would come from our mines, would make us in five years the richest nation on earth. And more, the four or five hundred millions expended for American instead of foreign goods would stimulate all kinds of industries and keep every man in the United States at work at good wages, in place of thousands of idle men in all parts of the country, as is the case now, owing to the threat of tariff reform or free trade. To reduce the amount of our foreign purchases it would be necessary to put a prohibitory tariff on everything we can produce in this country.

Of course, this would make a great cry from people whose selfish desire is to get something cheap today, without regard to any benefit that may accrue to others or themselves in the future. There is no question but Europe can manufacture goods cheaper than the United States, because of the difference in the cost of labor. But it is of the utmost importance to this country that labor should never be reduced to the condition it is in the old countries. If our purchases from abroad were reduced as outlined above, it would be a question of only a very short time when there would be a radical change in financial conditions, with the balance of trade in our favor, and it would be greater or less according to our purchases abroad. There would be a restoration of confidence by the starting of mills and the employment of now idle labor in domestic enterprises.

Home manufacture would not cut off the foreign demand for our cotton and food products. Foreigners do not buy these articles for the purpose of encouraging trade, or because of the interest in our welfare, but because it is an absolute necessity, and their necessity is so great that they buy the lowest and poorest grades of our wheat. It is necessary to produce cheap manufactured goods, to have cheap labor, and for the laborers to live in the very cheapest and poorest way. I know THE CITIZEN, whose heart is in our glorious American Constitution, and the prosperity of this country and its people, will indorse the above as a national business policy.

A CITIZEN.

New Hahnemann College.

The beautifully appointed new Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital at No. 2811 Cottage Grove avenue, was formally dedicated at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening, by an elaborate programme and the opening exercises of the thirty-fourth annual course of lectures. After the formal exercises the visitors inspected the new building. Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones gave the dedication prayer and Prof. R. Ludlam, M. D., delivered the president's annual address of welcome. Music was interspersed in the exercises. Maj. H. A. Rust, chairman of the building committee, read the report of that body and formally tendered the college building to the board of trustees. E. M. Phelps responded and accepted the structure on behalf of the board of trustees. Prof. H. B. Fellows, M. D., read the annual address of the dean, and Prof. B. S. Arnulphy, M. D., delivered the faculty address. The college building is a magnificent structure, with elaborate cut stone trimmings. It is seven stories high and one of the noticeable features of its construction is the abundance of windows.

CORNER-STONE LAID.

The Catholics of Ottawa Ill., Celebrate in Great Numbers the Laying of the Corner-stone of the New St. Patrick's Church by the Right Rev. Bishop Ryan.

The laying of the corner-stone of the new St. Patrick's church, by the Right Rev. James Ryan, bishop of Alton, at Ottawa, Ill., on Sunday week, was made an occasion for a great demonstration by the Irish-American citizens of that city. More than 5,000 people witnessed the procession of societies and full one thousand were in the column of parade which was marshalled as follows: Marshal J. M. Dougherty and aides; Mayor and City Council in carriages; Christian Brothers in carriages; Ottawa Business University Band; Visiting Delegations from Spring Valley, Utica, LaSalle and Seneca; Ancient Order of Hibernians; St. Joseph's Branch, W.C.U.; St. John's Branch, W.C.U.; St. Francis B. S. Cadets and Drum Corps; Father Mathew Society; Clover Club; St. Francis Congregation; St Columba's Congregation; Boys' School.

The bishop preached an eloquent discourse before proceeding with the ceremony, which was conducted with all the splendor attending the rites of the Catholic church. The following document was placed in the cavity of the corner-stone by the pastor, the Rev. Father M. A. Quirk:

"On Sunday, the 24th day of September, in the year of Our Lord 1893, at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon this cornerstone of St. Patrick's church was laid by Right Rev. James Ryan, bishop of Alton, Ill., who, until the time of his consecration, May 1, 1888, was pastor of St. Columba's parish, of which this parish is a division made March 28, 1893, by Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, of Peoria, Ill.

"The ground was broken for this church on Aug. 8, 1893. The contract price for the church was $22,892, awarded to Sanders Bros. of this city; F. W. Menke, of Quincy, Ill., stone contractor; S. A. Bullard, of Springfield, Ill., architect.

"Grover Cleveland is now president of the United States; John P. Altgeld, governor of Illinous; Leo XIII, gloriously reigning, is the supreme pontiff; Archbishop Satolli his delegate in the United States; John L. Spalding, bishop of this (Peoria) diocese, and M. A. Quirk, pastor of the parish. The present population of this city is about 12,000; of the county of LaSalle, about 70,000; of the state of Illinois, 4,000,000; of the United States 68,000,000. The Catholics of this country about 12,000,000; of this state 1,000,000; of this diocese 125,000.

"Albert F. Schoch is mayor of Ottawa. The present condition of the country is one of financial depression. Many of our industries, notably the glass industries are closed. The general financial stringency felt in this country is attributed to free coinage of silver, prospective changes in the protective tariff, etc. etc. Congress is now in special session and times are brightening somewhat."

PERSONAL.

E. J. Sullivan, of Rochester, N. Y., is a visitor at the World's Fair. Mr. Sullivan came to participate in ceremonies on Irish Day at the Fair.

IRELAND'S DAY

At the World's Fair Partially Injured by the Elements, "The Only Unsubsidized Allies of England."

Notwithstanding, the People Turn Out in Good Force, and Have a Splendid Celebration at Festival Hall.

Addresses by Archbishop Feehan, M. P. Brady, Archbishop Hennessy, Edward Blake, M. P., Arthur O'Connor, M. P.,

Lord Mayor Shanks, Father Ring, John E. Fitzgerald, John F. Finerty and Eugene Davis.

[CONTINUED FROM THE FIRST PAGE.]

to ancient Europe, and the traces of his footsteps are still deep in the soil of France and of Germany, of Italy and Belgium. But the modern Irishman, in the first days of his exodus, carried the cross upon his sword. It would be impossible to follow his heroic footprints through all the windings of his martial career, but I may be pardoned for calling in evidence the statements of eminent persons, not of his blood, who have borne testimony to his deeds of daring and devotion. (Applause.)

Sir Walter Scott, in his fascinating "Legend of Montrose," makes Captain Dalgetty, that typical soldier of fortune, say of our warrior countrymen: "I once saw a brigade of Irish, at the taking of Frankfort upon-the-Oder, stand to it with sword and pike until they beat off the Blue and Yellow Swedish brigades, esteemed as stout as any that fought under the immortal Gustavus. And although stout Hepburn, valiant Lumsdale, courageous Munroe, with myself and other cavaliers, made entry elsewhere at point of pike, yet, had we all met with such opposition, we had returned with great loss and little profit. Wherefore, these valiant Irishes, being all put to the sword, as is usual in such cases, did, nevertheless, gain immortal praise and honor; so that, for their sakes, I have always loved and honored those of that nation next to my own countrymen of Scotland."

Thus, it may be observed, the modern career of Irish troops in Europe began with the Thirty Years' War, during which many thousands served in the armies of Austria and other Catholic states, at war with Gustavus Adolphus, called by Protestant Europe, "the Lion of the North."

The Irish military exodus which followed the surrender of Limerick, in 1691, gave to all the warlike states of Europe the keen swords and dauntless hearts of the flower of Irish chivalry. No picture of the awful day of Neerwinden would be complete lacking the figure of Sarsfield, the exiled Earl of Lucan, charging home the scarlet ranks of England at the head of the Irish Foot Guards and French Household to the thundering cry of "Remember Limerick!" before which King William's flag went down; Sarsfield fell in the moment of victory, pierced by a mortal wound, but, even in that moment of glorious agony, while the world was fading from his sight, and eternity opening to his vision, he thought of the far off island, for which he had so nobly fought, and, holding his life blood in his hand, exclaimed, "Oh, that this were shed for Ireland!" (Applause.)

The warlike family of Lacy alone gave three marshals to the European armies —the conqueror of the Crimea, who won the highest military reward given by the Czar; Marshal Count Lacy, of Austria, so highly distinguished in nearly all the battles of the Seven Years' War, and Francis Anthony, Count Lacy, who died captain-general of the Spanish Army of Catalonia.

When the cannon of the great Frederick thundered around historic Prague, in 1757, its most devoted defender was Marshal Ulysses Brown, of the Austrian service, son of a veteran of Aughrim and Limerick, who, after doing all that man could do for the honor of his arms, fell at the head of his troops before the Prussian fire, mourned alike by friends and enemies. "Thus," says the learned Scottish historian and novelist, the late Captain James Grant, "died Austria's most able general and diplomatist, and one of Ireland's greatest sons—one of whom she has every reason to be proud, for he was the military rival of Frederick of Prussia, and of France's most skilled marshals, and he filled all Europe with the fame of his exploits in the field and his talent in the cabinet."

But the limitations of time and space hurry me onward; yet I must linger for a moment among the stately ranks of the Irish Brigade in the service of France: those undaunted heroes who carried with them to the banks of the Seine, the Rhine, the Adda and the Scheldt, the unbroken courage which would not bend to the disaster of the Boyne or the carnage of Aughrim. In fancy I behold them at Marsaglia, in Italy, meeting the chosen troops of Victor Amadeus sword in hand, breaking their lines, and chasing the flag and the army of the House of Savoy within the walls of Turin. I stand among them on 'that midwinter night of the chill Cremonese,' when, aroused from their cold bivouacs, dressed only in their shirts, headed by the brave O'Mahony, and cheering for their colonels, Dillon and Burke, they, musket in hand, beat back the ironclad cavalry of Austria, baffled Prince Eugene and rescued Cremona from the grasp of the Hapsburgs. I behold them at the second Blenheim, so disastrous to France, closing up their thinned ranks, charging their way through the thronging hosts of the enemy, saving their colors—the only corps in the French army that did so on that day—and covering the retreat of Tallard and de Marcin on the Rhine. Again I see them, at Cassano, swimming the broad and rapid Adda, turning the Austrian flank with a captured battery and deciding the day for the cause of the Grand Monarch. The disaster of Ramillies brought out their finest qualities as soldiers. They made a rearguard fight, while the army of Marshal Villeroy was in full retreat, broke the English regiment of Churchill by an impetuous charge, captured its colors and conveyed them to Ypres where, hung up in the convent of the Benedictine nuns, they attested for generations the devotion and the valor of the Irish in exile. Almanza saw them place the crown of Spain on the brow of Philip V, while Oudenarde and Malplaquet proved to France, and to Europe, that, in defeat as in victory, the Irish soldier is faithful unto death. (Cheers.)

It would be a weary task, indeed, to follow all the marches, bivouacs and campaigns of this illustrious body of warriors during the years that elapsed between the day of Malplaquet and that of Fontenoy. The glories of the latter field have been sung and spoken of so frequently that I will only pause at this page of Ireland's military history to say that on that field of Flanders the grandsons of the soldiers of Limerick had full revenge upon England for the breach of faith and honor that preceded the black century of the penal laws, which made Ireland the prey of British, Dutch and German adventurers, and made his native country the only spot in the whole wide world where an Irish Catholic was not the social and political equal of people of other races and of other creeds. The Irish shout of vengeance at Fontenoy, as the English column reeled and fled, sounded the death knell of the penal laws. "Accursed," cried the second of the Georges, "be the laws that deprive me of such soldiers!"

And when, finally, this bold brigade, "drunk with renown, worn out with glory," disbanded, after the French Revolution destroyed the ancient regime of France, the Count of Provence, in after times King Louis XVIII, in presenting a farewell flag to the officers of the immortal band, made use of these memorable words:

"Gentlemen: We acknowledge the inappreciable services that France has received from the Irish Brigade in the course of the last hundred years—services that we shall never forget, although under an impossibility of requiting them. Receive, gentlemen, this standard as a pledge of our remembrance, a monument of our admiration and respect, and, in future, generous Irishmen, this shall be the motto of your stainless flag —1692-1792—Semper et Ubique Fidelis —Always and everywhere faithful!" (Applause.)

And under the new dispensation, when Napoleon, both as Consul and Emperor, swayed the destines of France, Jennings, Baron Kilmaine; Clarke, Duke de Feltre; Generals O'Connor, Lawless and Corbett, were brave among the bravest of that matchless army of heroes, who

—bore the Tricolor
Through Europe uncontrolled!

Neither has our own day and generation been destitute of glorious reminders in the Continental armies. Within a third of a century an O'Donnell, of the ancient Ulster line, has been Marshal of Spain and Duke of Tetuan, while a MacMahon, of the Clare sept, kept the crown for eleven years longer on the brow of Napoleon III, by the brilliant victory which won for him, on the field of his glory, the baton of a Marshal and the ducal coronet of Magenta.

Had I the time, I could take you to Bolivia, with the brave O'Higgins, the favorite general of the South American Liberator, whose statue now stands in the capital of the Republic. In the recent naval warfare between Chile and Peru, the victorious fleet of the former republic was commanded by Admiral Lynch, and other heroic examples might be multiplied.

Here, Most Reverend sir, in this land of our adoption, the Irishman, whether Catholic or Protestant, or whether, by descent, Saxon, Celt or Norman, has indelibly made his mark. He stood with the American farmers in the bloody redoubt of Bunker Hill, under Prescott; he tore down the English flag upon the sea with Jeremiah O'Brien, at Machias; he marched with Montgomery to Quebec, through the tangled forests of our continent, and, with him also, who was his countryman, dyed the winter snow with his heart's blood on that bitter night of daring and of sacrifice; he fell, with Pulaski, at Savannah, and conquered with Gates and Washington, and Sullivan and LaFayette at Saratoga and Yorktown; he pointed the guns of MacDonough on Lake Champlain, when the British flotilla sank in sight of Plattsburgh; he aimed his rifle with Andrew Jackson at New Orleans, when Packenham, the hero of Salamanca, left his bones, for a period, on the plains of Chalmette; he charged with Shields at Chapultepec, and swept along in that whirlwind of valor, precipitated by glorious Phil Sheridan on the astonished legions of Jubal Early at Cedar Creek, and was with him again when he stood, like a hedge of glittering steel, between Lee's brave army and escape at Appamattox. Sir, can any man, present here, or absent elsewhere, name to you, or to me, a field of American battle in which the Irishman has not gloriously participated? Consult the war papers of our greatest generals, consult the statistics of mortality in the war for the Union, and in the answer which they convey, let the bigot be confounded and the slanderer stricken dumb! (Loud cheers.)

Philip Comte de Paris, heir to the vacant throne of France, writing to Gen. St. Clair Mulholland from Cannes, March 8, 1886, says: "It was with pleasure that I met the Green Flag, with the Golden Harp, waving at the head of Meagher's Brigade in the army of the Potomac." He then describes the bad position of the army, all mixed together, on a small eminence, which commanded Alexandria bridge (Gaines' Mill). Suddenly a hearty cheer was heard. "It was," continues the Prince, "Richardson, who, at the head of Meagher and French's brigades, had come to our rescue on the left bank of the Chickahominy. The Irish Brigade (I find it noted in my diary) came in shirt sleeves, yelling at the tops of their voices. The assailants were tired, and when they saw the strong lines of Meagher's brigade they delivered a strong volley and stopped. The day was saved, as far as could be, by those two brigades."

Gen. William B. Franklin, writing also to Gen. Mulholland, from Hartford, Conn., April 14, 1886, says: "I saw the Irish Brigade in two fights—that of Savage Station, and that of the next day, at White Oak Swamp Bridge. At Savage Station, I saw the brigade led into the fight by Gen. Sumner, and no men went in more gallantly, or in better order. On the next day, the brigade was in position on the left of the White Oak Swamp Bridge, close to the stream. It was subjected to a very severe artillery fire during nearly the whole day, under which it never flinched. Its behavior was admirable, and, in spite of its nearness to the enemy, the brigade headquarters were ornamented, during its exposure, with the United States flag and the Green Flag, waving together as calmly as if all hands were miles away from the fight; and the officers and men were as calm as the flags. I always thought its behavior on that day was in the highest degree suggestive of Irish pluck and endurance."

Gen. Fitz John Porter, writing of the battle of Malvern Hill, in July, 1862, said: "I sent a request for two brigades, and the immediate result was the sending of Meagher by Sumner. This was the second time he had sent me Meagher's gallant Irish Brigade, and each time it rendered valuable service. About fifty yards in front of us, a large force of the enemy suddenly arose and opened with fearful volleys upon our advancing line. I turned to the Irish Brigade, which thus far had kept pace with my horse, and found it standing like a stone wall, and returning a fire more destructive than it received, and from which the enemy fled. The Irish Brigade was planted. My presence was no longer needed."

"The Irish Brigade," said Gen. George B. McClellan, writing officially of the sanguinary battle of Antietam, "sustained its well-earned reputation, suffering terribly in officers and men, and strewing the ground with their enemies, as they drove them back." The brave General Richardson, who was mortally wounded in that battle, was called upon next day by the leading officers of the Irish Brigade, and, in his dying agony, he said to them: "I placed your brigade on the ground you occupied, because I knew it was necessary to hold it against all odds, and once you were there, I had no further anxiety in regard to the position."

Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., speaking at the banquet of the Irish-American club of this city, at the Auditorium, on March 17, 1891, bore the following magnificent testimony to the valor of the Irish troops in the Union army: "I have seen," said Gen. Miles, "the Irish Brigade many times engaged in battle, and I remember as it passed over the green turf of Malvern Hill, going into action on that memorable occasion, that Meagher, riding in front of the line, turned, and, drawing his own brave sword, said to his command, 'Come on, my good men, Ireland shall have another day!' He remembered, with love, his own native land while battling for the life of his adopted country. At Antietam, I remember distinctly seeing the brigade ascending a crest swept by shot and shell—the morning light glistening on the bright banner of the Stars and Stripes. Alongside of that banner of freedom, those men carried the flag of their own native country—the Green Flag of Ireland. Coming under the hot fire of the enemy both flags went down, only to be raised again by some stout heroes, and again to fall to earth. They rose and fell in that way no less than five times, until both were reddened with patriots' blood; yet they moved on together through the storm and smoke of battle to final victory!"

Lieut. William E. Owens, of the Washington Artillery (Rebel), is quoted by Gen. Mulholland as saying: "In front of Marye's Heights (Fredericksburg), upon the plain over which the Federal column passed, we counted 1,498 dead bodies. A soldier of Meagher's Irish Brigade was the nearest body to the stone wall, and, by actual measurement, it lay within twenty-five paces of the wall."

But, perhaps, the most splendid testimony of all, because coming from a racial and political enemy, was that given by the military correspondent of the London *Times*, writing to his paper from the field of battle: "Never," he says, "at Fontenoy, Albuera or Waterloo was more unnaunted courage displayed by the sons of Erin than during the six frantic dashes they directed against the almost impregnable position of their foe. After witnessing the gallantry and devotion exhibited by these troops, and viewing the hill side for acres strewn with their corpses, thick as autumn leaves, the spectator can remember nothing but their desperate courage. That any mortal man could have carried the position before which they were wantonly sacrificed, defended as it was, seems to me for a moment idle to believe. But the bodies which lie in dense masses, within forty yards of the muzzles of Col. Walton's guns, are the best evidence as to what manner of men they were who pressed on to death with the dauntlessness of a race, which has gained glory on a thousand battlefields, and never more richly deserved it than at the foot of Marye's Heights, on Dec. 13, 1862." (Applause.)

I myself met Col. Walton, who commanded the Washington Artillery in that battle, while I was visiting New Orleans in the spring of 1877. Incidentally, during our conversation, the foregoing testimony of the London *Times* correspondent, in regard to the conduct of the Irish Brigade, was discussed. "The picture is not overdrawn," said Col. Walton. "One other brigade (Zook's, I think, he said) kept almost in line with them, but the Irish had the lead in the attack. I hated to mow down such brave men, but I had to do it in order to hold the position."

In view of many things that have been said by the distinguished gentlemen who preceded me, I think I may be allowed to remark that if, in despite of the inclement day, we are here in such goodly numbers, stalwart, animated and independent, we need give no thanks therefor to the British empire, or, for that matter, to the English people. ("Hear" and loud applause.) I think it is as well to tell this Irish-American audience that England proper has not yet, as a majority, been converted to the principle of Home Rule for Ireland. The majority against us of English votes, in the house of commons, is more than sixty. We have, in as far as we can, buried the hatchet with the democracy of Scotland and Wales; but the English people are hard to move, and the only way to bring the Saxons to the right way of thinking, is to keep hammering away at them in some form. (Cheers.) Some people may see much glory in the British empire, but we are not of that number. We remember how we were driven here, and those of us who tell the truth have nothing but hate for that empire which has been our curse and bane. (Prolonged cheers.) There is nothing the matter with Ireland, but England. I was glad to hear the distinguished gentleman from Toronto (Mr. Blake) speak some words of justice in memory of Parnell. (Renewed cheers.) You ought to cheer that name, but you should do more—you should weep salt tears upon the grave of him who was treated disloyally and ungratefully by a majority of the priests and people of Ireland. ("Hear, hear.") We are, as a people, too prone to give thanks prematurely. Gladstone has great qualities as a statesman, but we must remember that he was propelled on the path of reform, as an old gentleman of four score years should be, by the strong hand of the Irish nation. (Great applause.) When you thank Gladstone, the thanks should not be wholly his. They should be divided with the men who died at Manchester (prolonged applause) with Michael Barrett, who "rang that chapel bell" at Clerkenwell, and whose name is seldom mentioned, although it was his act, and the acts of others like him, that, in the words of Mr. Gladstone himself, brought the Irish question within the domain of practical politics. ("Hear" and loud cheers.) If Gladstone were as magnanimous, as he is gifted, he would go into the dungeons of England, as he went into those of Naples, take the political prisoners by the hand, and lead them forth into freedom and the light of of day. (Renewed cheering.) Parnell was the heir political of those men. They were the heirs of the men of '48, and the latter of the men of '98. Parnell, I say, was their true successor. I refuse, for one, to transfer the laurels that belong to him, and to them, to an English brow. (Applause.) Let us render unto Gladstone the things that are Gladstone's, and to Parnell the things that are Parnell's (Loud and continued applause.) I do not think this is the place, or the occasion, for trimming or whiggery, in any shape. Many think as I do, but will not speak what they think. (Cheers and laughter.) This should not be. We ought to be frank and manly as a people. The House of Loafers (applause) can be forced into the path of reform by the same means which operated in the more popular branch of the British parliament. ("Hear, hear.") Let moral suasion have its trial, of course, but how are you going to convert the Lords to popular opinions? I answer that when moral suasion fails the same key that opened the door of the House of Commons, can also open the door of the House of Lords. (Applause.) Who are they that stand between Ireland and her right? They are, for the most part, the illegitimate descendants of the Plantagenets, the Tudors, particulary of the Stuarts, and not a few of them of the Guelphs. In order to make up an overwhelming vote against Home Rule, the gaming houses of Monte Carlo, the immoral houses of London, Paris and Vienna, and even the insane asylums and sanitariums of Great Britain had to be temporarily depopulated. ("Hear, hear," and great applause.) It is not by 500 creatures such as these that the will of the Irish people, the world over, can be permanently defeated. (Loud cheers.) I have to apologize for leaving my subject, to comment on current topics, but the subject itself is pretty broad, and I think it proper to send a message of love and of hope from the Old Guard, the men of '65, '66 and '67 and their sons and sympathizers, to the people of Ireland from this hall tonight. (Loud applause.)

The proudest monument to the martial glory of the American Irish has been built by native American hands. In the war statistics, recently published by the *Century Magazine*, it was shown that three regiments of Meagher's Irish Brigade were among the fifty organizations that lost the largest per centage in killed and wounded on the Union side, during the Civil War, and Col. George L. Kilmer, of New York, one of the best known of existing military writers, writing of the famous Sixty-ninth New York (Irish) Volunteers, which formed a portion of Meagher's brigade, in an article widely published, in May, 1892, says of this heroic corps, "In its whole career, not including Bull Run, the casualties scored 1,177, of which 874 were killed or wounded. The total deaths on the field were 261. The regiment carried 1,513 men on its rolls. The percentage of killed was a trifle over 17, the highest among all the New York regiments (300 in all) and the fifth from the top in all the Union army!" I would like, Most Rev. Chairman, to find a regiment of anti-Irish bigots, of any race, with such a record as that. It leaves in the shade everything recorded of even the slaughter of Balaklava, and, better than all, it was blood not wasted in vain.

Nor have the services of the Irishman to his adopted country ended with the deeds of the battlefield. In statesmanship, in law, in medicine, in literature and in commerce he as truly holds his own and can proudly and truthfully claim equality with his neighbors. His mind, as well as his muscle, has powerfully aided in building up the grandeur and the glory of the republic of his pride and his devotion; and if, sir, he still vehemently loves his cradle land, and as vehemently hates her oppressor, is not that the best guarantee of nobility of nature and loyalty to liberty he can give this fair land, which is the Mother of Freedom? (Great cheering.)

Here he fears not the tyrants lash, he is not bowed to the earth by the hand of oppression; he is not the heir of a system of artificial ignorance, invented to degrade and debase his nature. Here, sir, he has risen to the full measure of his stature in the image of his God. The stars of liberty shine around his head and his face, long sorrowful, is transfigured by their radiance. He has, in the words of Curran, swelled beyond the limits of the British chain, which has dropped from around him, and standing, thus "redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled," before the nations, the Irishman, in all lands but his own, can say in the accents of truth and with the majesty of manhood, "Brothers, behold here a brother and an equal!" (Prolonged applause.)

Mr. Eugene Davis' Address.

Mr. Eugene Davis, having given an exhaustive account of early Gaelic literature, referred to that of 1842 in the following terms:

It was not, however, till 1842 that a really national literature budded and blossomed in the land under the auspices of Thomas Davis, Gavan Duffy and John Blake Dillon. Davis was the prophet or apostle of the *Nation* newspaper, the organ of that literature in the press. Irishmen, then emerging from the forced ignorance of the Penal Days, were taught in the pages of that high-toned weekly the sublime principles of Irish nationality. Around Davis's editorial chair, drawn to his side by the subtle magnetism of his goodness and intellectuality, gathered a band of young enthusiasts who put a new soul into Erin, thanks to the magic elixir of their pens. These writers, belonging to nearly all the Christian churches, agreed to differ in their religious faith, but their political faith was one and indivisible. Their cheif object was, alas! that it should have been only a dream!—the union of North and South—the blending of the Orange colors with the Green. Week after week the genius of the *Nation* grew greater and more refulgent. Even the premature death of Thomas Davis did not damp the ardor of his followers, for they knew that though the prophet died his doctrines would live. Duffy, who was one of the original founders of the *Nation*, succeeded to the editorial chair in conjunction with the intrepid John Mitchel, and in 1845 that journal had reached the climax of its phenomenal success. Mitchel's fiery and rebellious prose, Duffy's swinging ballads, Denis Florence McCarthy's lighter lyrics, Mc. Gee's Milesian legends, Clarance Mangan's weird but powerful poems, his Gaelic translations as well as those of Ferguson and Walsh, the humorous sallies and war songs of D'Alton Williams, the love madrigals of Denny Lane, and the impassioned stanzas of the Three Graces "Speranza," "Eva," and "Mary" illumined the pages of the *Nation*, and made it the leading organ of the land. One of the Young Ireland ballads, entitled "The Irish Chiefs," penned at that period, by Gavan Duffy, is perhaps the strongest lyrical effusion to be found in any language:

"Oh, to have lived like an Irish chief when
hearts were fresh and true,
And a manly thought, like a pealing bell, would
quicken them thro' and thro',
And the seed of a generous hope right soon to a
fiery action grew,
And men would have scorned to talk and talk,
and never a deed to do!
Oh the iron grasp, and the kindly clasp, and the
laugh so fond and gay,
And the roaring board, and the ready sword,
were the types of that vanished day.

Oh to have lived as Grattan lived, in the glow
of his manly years,
To thunder again those iron words that thrill
like the crash of spears—
Once more to blend for a holy end our peasants
and priests and peers,
Till England raged like a baffled fiend at the
tramp of our Volunteers'—
And—oh, best of all!—far rather to fall with a
bleeder fate than be
On a conquering field, than one right to yield of
the island so proud and free!

The famine and the abortive rebellion of '48 crushed the hopes of the Young Irelanders, several of the more prominent of whom were imprisoned, or had to seek refuge in foreign lands. The only surviving stars of that brilliant galaxy today are Lady Wilde, Mrs. Kevin Izod O'Doherty, and Denny Lane. The poetry of the Fenian era of '65, though thoroughly patriotic, was not quite up to the standard of that of '42-'48, as it had not the proper time to mature. Its chief lyrists were J. K. Casey, Leo, and Dr. Joyce. The late lamented John Boyle O'Reilly, who was himself a Fenian, did not become famous as a poet till in after years. If I have dwelt so long on the poetry of Irish literature, it is because Ireland has had quite a multitude of bards. Mr. O'Donoghue, of London, has just published a "Biography of Irish Poets," in which he gives their number as several thousand! Father Prout once said that you could not beat a bush within the four seas of Erin without finding a classical scholar or a poet behind it!

In the department of fiction Ireland can boast of such illustrious authors as Miss Edgeworth, the Bronte family, Lady Morgan, Charles Lever, Samuel Lover, John Banim, Gerald Griffin, William Carleton, and many other equally skilled novelists. Among her historians are the Four Masters, the Abbe MacGeoghegan, Haverty, Mitchel, Mooney, and Prof. Joyce. And now a few words in conclusion as to the prospects of the Irish literature of the future. There are at present two Irish Literary Societies—one established in London, the other in Dublin—the objects of both being the preparation and publication of books written by Irishmen and dealing exclusively with Irish subjects. These volumes will, it is understood, do much, when published, to foster the spirit of undiluted nationality among the people. The ignorance of slaves is a double slavery. Knowledge is a nation's best friend—a tyrant's most implacable enemy. To qualify themselves for their coming freedom, and to be in position not to abuse its privileges the Irish race at home must read and digest the lessons contained in their history and while imitating the virtues, will be thus able to avoid the mistakes of their ancestors. The Irish literature of the future will be one of humanity and of freedom—progressive as science, broad as the universe, and yet at the same time patriotic enough to uphold the principle that, no matter what concessions any British parliament may make to Ireland, that country should never rest satisfied till the cause for which heroes fought and bled, and martyrs died, is crowned with complete success, till the old flag floats over her towns and towers, till she has an army to guard her emerald shores and a navy to take charge of her interests on the high seas. Then and not till then can Emmet's epitaph be written.

After the singing of "God Save Ireland" by the audience the great meeting adjourned.

The Parade.

Notwithstanding the downpour of rain, the howling of the wind, and the oceans of mud which held possession of Midway Plaisance, and the World's Fair grounds generally, Grand Marshal T. E. Ryan, his aides, the sub-marshals, and the soldiers turned out in dashing style, defying "everlasting wet" like heroes. It was not till 1 o'clock that the parade got under way. At the head was the grand marshal and aides, Marshal Ryan carried with dignity the sword of Gen. Jackson, which had been loaned for the occasion by Mrs. M. G. Harding, national vice regent of the Andrew Jackson Hermitage Association. It had been taken from its temporary home in the Woman's Building, where it is on exhibition, and given in charge for the day to the sons of Erin. The procession moved down the Plaisance to the main grounds in the following order:

Platoon of Columbian Guards.
Grand Marshal and Aides.
Desplaines and West End Military Bands united.
McCarthy's Drum and Fife Corps.
Seventh Regiment, I. N. G., Col. Colby commanding; Staff Capt. Hartigan, adjutant; Capt. J. S. Hyland, inspector of rifle practice.
O'Connor's Band.
Hibernian Rifles, Minneapolis, Captain Doyle commanding.
Third Cavalry Band.
Clan-na-Gael Guards, Capt. Buckley commander.
Holy Family Church Band.
Patriotic Sons of Father Matthew.
Holy Family Parish Society.
Hopkins' Drum Corps.
Ancient Order of Hibernians.
Catholic Order of Foresters.
Chicago Fife and Drum Corps.
Father Mathew Society.
Carriages with guests.

The procession marched north to the avenue in the rear of the Art Palace, thence on to the lake front, to the Court of Honor, and along the west side of the Administration Building, where it saluted the Liberty Bell, which was rung in honor of the day. Here it countermarched and proceeded by the Transportation Building to Festival Hall, where it was dismissed. In spite of the rain the different bodies presented a good appearance. The Seventh Regiment marched well, as did also the Minneapolis Hibernian Company and the Clan-na-Gael Guards.

The Gaelic Games.

At 5 o'clock there was a game of football in the Stock pavilion between the crack Barry club of Jersey City, N. J., and a club made up of Chicago Gaels. The visiting players were J. J. Hayes, captain; T. R. Fry, E. Madden, W. Izatt, John Hayes, M. Hayes, P. Hayes, T. O'Brien, N. Flynn, P. Buckley, R. Harkins, J. McConnell, C. Gorevin, M. Gorevin, R. Costello. The Chicago players, with the clubs they belong to, were: James Niles, Thomas Dillon, Thomas O'Brien, Tim Ryan, and Thomas Ryan, all of the Emmets; Ed O'Hearn and Daniel O'Hearn, of the Davitts; Michael Faner and Sheehan, of the Wolfe Tones; William Burke and Patrick King, of the O'Briens; William McGrath, of the Finertys; William Barry, captain of the Shamrocks; Thomas Naughten and P. Martin, of the Innisfails.

J. O'Neill Jones, of the Emmets, was the referee. J. J. O'Keefe was field umpire for the visitors, and J. Furlong, of the Davitts, acted in a like capacity for the Chicagos. In the first half Chicago made one goal and six points, and the Barrys got one point. In the second half the Chicagos did not score, while the visitors made one goal six points. The game, which was merely an exhibition contest and played under difficulties, was declared a draw.

This closed the day's celebration, as the fireworks arranged for the evening had to be postponed.

GAELIC POETRY.

Air Neoin do bhidheas san bhron am chlaoidh.

SEAMUS MAC CUNSAIDIN OCT.

Air neoin do bhidheas 'san bhrón am chlaoidh,
'S me ag gabhail na slighe am aonar;
Do threoruigh Chriost 'sa' ród am linn
An óigbhean mhionla mhaordha.
Dob' ómrach dlathach a h-órfholt crathach,
'S ba cóireach cleasach a claonrusg:
'S ionnra an t-sneachta tre rós na leacan,
'S a beul air thaithneamh na g-caora.

Ni'l órlach dhiom ann sin nár lion
Le mór-shearc croidhe agus cleibh di;
Gur sheolas puinn dem ghlór na linn
Cia pór do shinnsear Gaodhal di.
Is úmhal do labhair go cláin dom' fhreagairt,
"Mo rán do sgapadh ni méin liom,
Air d-tás go bh-feacfad mo ghlán do'n t-sagart,
Do mhúinfeas teagasg Mhic Dé dham."

"A stór mo chroidhe, más óigh d' iochd,
No nóchar grinn do'n chléir thú:
Is colach sinn le cumhachda Chriosd,
Is cómhairleach caoin de'n tréad sin."
'Fóil, a dhuine, tá fós air mire,
Ni spórt acht gliogar do bhriathra;
Chum bóthair imthigh, ni dóith duit mise,
Do ghlór mar thuigim gur bréagach."

"A chuilfhionn chaoin, na díáltaigh dham,
Air d-tás ga n-innsir sgéal dam:
Cad triuch, no tir, no cúl do'n rioghacht,
As ar stiúraigh Criost am ghsor thú?"
Sé dubhairt an ainghir; "Air d-tás dá bh-feas, ainn,
Nach tionnsgal bladair do bhriathra,
Mo chúis do sgapfainn go h-umhal ad' aice,
Air chúrsa cealg na ceadtha."

—*United Ireland.*

OBITUARY.

MRS. ELEANOR COGHLAN.

Mrs. Eleanor Coghlan (nee Keyes), beloved wife of Mr. William R. Coghlan, native of the parish of Templederry, county Tipperary, Ireland, died in this city on Tuesday. The funeral occurred on Friday, Oct. 6, from her late residence, 5534 Princeton avenue, and was very largely attended. Mrs. Coghlan was a most estimable lady, and her death is sincerely mourned by all who knew her.

Summer Weakness, that tired feeling, loss of appetite and nervous prostration are driven away by Hood's Sarsaparilla, like mist before the morning sun. To realize the benefit of this great medicine, give it a trial.

Sure, efficient, easy—Hood's Pills.

Information Wanted.

Of Mrs. John Leonard, nee Mary O'Connell, who formerly resided in Cleveland, Ohio. Any information of her present whereabouts will be thankfully received by her brother, Michael O'Connell, formerly of the Twenty-third Illinois Volunteers, Col. Mulligan's regiment, and now residing at 85 Delaware street, Cleveland, O.

Niagara Falls.

Next to the World's Fair, all our foreign friends want to see Niagara Falls, and in the minds of many, Niagara Falls is placed first. One of the first questions they ask an American either at home or abroad is about Niagara, but to many of us Niagara Falls is too near. Were it on the other side of the world, thousands of American globe trotters would hasten there, who pass it by now because they can go there any time.

The Michigan Central has made it, perhaps, too easy of access, for its through trains to New York and Boston run directly by and in full view of the great cataract, and those passing by daylight stop five minutes for passengers to view the Falls. The wise traveller, however, will stop over there as long as his time will permit, to view the beauties and the grandeur of the Falls under different aspects and from various points of view. The longer he stops the more he will find to repay him for whatever expenditure of time and money he incurs.

T. Shea, Tailor.

374 W. Madison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever: nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

TANTALUS—TEXAS.

"If I may trust your love," she cried,
"And you would have me for a bride,
Ride over yonder plain and bring
Your flask full from the Mustang spring;
Fly, fast as ever eagle's wing
O'er the Llano Estacado!"

He heard and bowed without a word;
His gallant steed he lightly spurred;
He turned his face and rode away
Toward the grave of dying day
And vanished with its parting ray
On the Llano Estacado.

Night came and found him riding on;
Day came, and still he rode alone;
He spared not spur, he drew not rein
Across that broad, unchanging plain,
Till he the Mustang spring might gain
On the Llano Estacado.

A little rest, a little draft
Hot from his hand and quickly quaffed;
His flask was filled, and then he turned,
Once more his steed the maguay spurned;
Once more the sky above him burned
On the Llano Estacado.

How hot the quivering landscape glowed!
His brain seemed boiling as he rode;
Was it a dream, a drunken one,
Or was he really riding on?
Was that a skull that gleamed and shone
On the Llano Estacado?

"Brave steed of mine, brave steed!" he cried,
"So often true, so often tried,
Bear up a little longer yet!"
His mouth was black with blood and sweat,
Heaven! how he longed his lips to wet
On the Llano Estacado.

And still within his breast he held
The precious flask so lately filled.
Oh, for a drink! But well he knew,
If empty it should meet her view,
Her scorn, but still his longing grew
On the Llano Estacado.

His horse went down. He wandered on,
Giddy, blind, beaten and alone.
While on a cushioned couch you lie,
Oh, think how hard it is to die
Beneath the cruel, cloudless sky,
On the Llano Estacado.

At last he staggered, stumbled, fell,
His day was done he knew full well,
And raising to his lips the flask,
The end, the object of his task,
Drank to her, more she could not ask.
Ah! the Llano Estacado!

That night in the Presidio,
Beneath the torchlights' wavy glow,
She danced and never thought of him,
The victim of a woman's whim,
Lying, with face upturned and grim,
On the Llano Estacado.
—Joaquin Miller in Boston Pilot.

THE BLACK CHATTY.

It was standing under the shadow of a thorn tree by the edge of an Indian river—that gray stone which is the subject of my story. The country is very full of such marks and memorials. Sometimes they are conical masses painted red, with another flat stone placed before them, upon which trivial offerings of flowers, fruit or rice may be laid. Sometimes they are carefully sculptured stones, bearing the sign which shows that a "sati," or Hindoo widow, has in days past immolated herself on the sacred spot. Sometimes it is merely an old shaped bowlder which has struck the pious imagination of some peasant or village priest, and he has daubed a patch of yellow or vermilion paint upon it, after which the local deity is supposed to reside there, and everybody flings a little pebble in front of it or ties a strip of cloth upon the branches of the tree overhead.

But this little monument was very special, established in the patch of acacias and long reeds by the river's bank, and having carved upon its face the rude picture of a "chatty," or common water pot, with, underneath that, a woman's name. Above it, among the little golden balls of blossom which grow upon the babul boughs, were fluttering numberless strips of cotton and goat's hair stuff of all colors, and the faded flowers and stones lying in front proved that it was a popular shrine, which no native of the district passed without some small token of respect or pity.

The Indian rivers often appear very beautiful—especially where they run, as this great stream did, through wild country, embroidering their path across the sunburned plains with a double ribbon of verdure. From far off the traveler or sportsman discerns these two strips of green trees and bushes, and coming closer the shining channel will be full of refreshment and interest to his eyes. Little or no traffic disturbs that placid waterway, which, indeed, very frequently is but a chain of isolated pools. Above them may be seen everywhere hovering the muchi-bagh or "fish tiger," a black and white kingfisher that hangs motionlessly poised over the ripples, and then suddenly plunges like a stone into them to seize some gliding fish.

In the deep parts the big mah-seer sucks and grunts. On the shallows will be standing knee deep the great gray cranes with scarlet heads, and near to them flocks of pretty white egrets or paddy birds, while flights of duck and teal whistle up and down the channel, and painted grouse settle suddenly on the sandy margin in large coveys to drink. If it be near a village the dhobee, washerman of the community, will be beating "earis" and "cholis" upon a flat rock by the nearest pool, and in some quiet nook a fisherman will be flinging his circular net into the water to catch the little fry called "havildar and ten," which are dried afterward in the sun and make a good relish.

There is no regular ferry at such points. Should you want to go across singly, you must swim over with your horse or do as the natives do. They stuff up the mouth of a chatty—an earthenware water pot—with grass, and placing it under the chin embrace the vessel, which supports them well out of the water, while with their legs and feet they propel themselves to the farther shore. Or you may hold the chatty under one arm and swim with the other, putting your clothes in a bundle upon your head. By this means also the Indian fishermen spread nets right across the stream and traverse it at all times with ease and security.

It was one of these, indeed, who explained the meaning of the old gray stone by the bank of the river, sprinkled with those golden balls from the babul tree, and standing, so lonely, with "Sohni" cut upon it and the picture of the waterpot. When the British laborer rests for food in the heat of the day, or after a spell of hard work, his first idea is to drink, but the Indian peasant has a different habit. At the hour of repose his custom is to disengage from his turban and loin cloth a small bag like a "housewife," with partitions, tied by a string. This he unrolls deliberately, and there are seen a layer of green leaves from the pepper vine, a lump of lime, two or three nuts of the arecapalm, a few cloves and an iron implement something like a nut cracker.

With this he breaks off some fragments of the aromatic nut, mingles them with a little of the lime, lays both in the hollow of a pepper leaf, which he folds over and pins with a clove, putting the whole medley into his mouth and joyously chewing it. That is the pan soopari, or "excellent leaf"—the betel—which soothes half Asia with its hot, astringent taste, and is no doubt an admirable stomachic and febrifuge, though it blackens the teeth and turns the saliva blood red. Unrolling his betel case and making himself a quid, the village fisherman explained the gray stone and its inscription:

"Sohni—Protectors of the Poor!—was a girl of this gaum; oh, only a common low caste girl, but beautiful to see as the blue lotus is when the blossom first opens. It is now very long ago since the thing happened about which the Presences ask, but anybody will tell them still, among the white haired men of those who saw her face, that it was as fair as Radha's or as any of the milkmaids of Krishna. Her father was a herdsman, owning many sheep and goats, which he grazed along this bank, and Sohni's business, after she became big enough, was to drive them out to pasture in this jungle, which business she did for many dry and rainy seasons until she was well grown.

"Sometimes it would be by day and sometimes by night that she wandered along the river, and once, alone with her flock, she heard the bansuli very sweetly played upon and saw a young shepherd named Luximan, who was playing it. He was a very good looking lad, they all tell, and skilled beyond measure upon his pipe, so the thing fell out easily that they became violently enamored of each other, but kept the matter hidden from all for other reasons and because Luximan's people, who lived on the farther side of the river, were no friends of the herdsman, Sohni's father, but the contrary.

"Moreover, Sohni had been secretly promised by her father to Govinda, the soucar of the district, who was a man growing old, and a wicked and cruel man, always taking advantage of the poverty of our people to lend them money at hard interest, and then, when they could not pay and the time came round, to get their fields and cattle and implements and silver ornaments away from them—so that they became his slaves. The Sahebs, of their wisdom, will know very well what sort of folk these bloodsuckers of marwarries be. It is better to put your hand into the hole where a cobra is sleeping than to dip it into the money bag of the soucar. The seasons had been bad, and Sohni's father, notwithstanding his ewes and she goats, had fallen into debt with Govinda years back and could not clear it off. So had he been led unwillingly to promise his child to the money lender. But this was not known to Sohni nor to Luximan?

"If you had seen them together, Gharibpurwar, you would have cried, 'It is surely Krishna with one of the Gopis'—she was so comely and erect and slender, and he so handsome, playing his bansuli, and so loving. The jungle deer does not tread lighter than Sohni pacing before her goats, nor the palm tree stand straighter than she with her milkpot upon her pretty head. But it was as much as the life of Luximan was worth for him to be seen upon this side of the river, where so many enemies were. Therefore, in order they might meet, Sohni, who was strong and skillful as a Brahmany duck in the water, would many and many a time at night swim over to her chosen lover.

"The river, as the Presences perceive, is very broad hereabouts, and when the floods descend—nay, indeed, for weeks and weeks at a time—no swimmer could of his own strength breast that current and safely pass over. But Sohni was wont to keep in this thicket of thorns and reeds here a large black chatty of baked clay, and when the gods favored she would stop the mouth of it with grasses, and placing it beneath her breasts she would boldly swim over the water, carrying her sari and choli dry upon her head, and Luximan would sing and play to her, and she make him good love cheer until such time as the 'wolf's tail' came into the sky and the first crow sailed across the dark fields. Then the goat girl, happy in her heart and well contented, took the chatty in her arms again and silently swam back to her charge, none knowing of their mutual comfort and joy.

"Now, this thing went on for many moons, and their happiness made Luximan and Sohni somewhat too bold—I deem. We villagers are accustomed to say that 'the stars keep secrets, but the sun tells all it sees,' and the goat girl, it seems, was oftimes urged by her Indian boy to linger longer than was prudent, while the sky whitened. Also it has been noted that no good fortune very long endures either in love or in fishing, or in any earthly matter—nay, perhaps it might have been that they neglected in their pleasure to make due offerings to the gods. It was afterward told, indeed, by Luximan that his beautiful companion informed him the tilaka—her forehead spangle—had fallen off one morning, which should surely have warned her of approaching misfortune, and he himself, it is related, dreamed he saw two elephants fighting without their mahouts, which, as everybody is aware, always signifies death.

"Be all this as it may, one happy night Sohni had tarried with her young lover overlong, and the light of day was shining too broad upon the face of the river as she swam homeward. That morning the evil hearted Govinda, who had become already somewhat suspicious, was abroad very early to note the crops of ragi which he had brought into his power from the villagers by usury, and walking under cover of this grove he spied a woman swimming upon a chatty from the further bank and presently perceived it was no other than the girl he had secretly bought from the herdsman. If he was jealous before, his angry heart burned fiercer than ever as he watched from his hiding place the lovely goat girl step, bare of all her garments, from the water, her beauteous limbs shining, smooth and rounded, in the morning sun, and her teeth of pearl gleaming white between her little rosy lips, as she smiled to think of Luximan's bygone fondness.

"The wicked old Govinda observed her hide the chatty away in the reeds and press the water from her sides and back with dry grass, while all hastily she unfastened her clothing and wound her purple sari round her waist and over her head, having first tied on her choli of orange and green. Afterward she tripped up the bank and away to the fold—not thinking when Govinda afterward passed her in the fields and made her 'Ram! ram!' and fair salutations that he had already devised a devilish plot to cause her to die.

"What did that gray fox contrive, do you ask, asylum of excellence? He went forthwith on his pony to the potter's shop of the neighboring village, and there he bought a black chatty of exactly such a size and make as that with which Sohni had swam the river, but unbaked, and the clay only set by the sun. This he took with him at nightfall and came with it into the little grove here, where the goat girl had concealed her swimming pot. That pot he broke into many pieces and flung them all far into the stream, putting in its place the unbaked chatty, which looked like the other, especially in the gloom, for always of course it was after nightfall that the goat girl crossed over to Luximan."

"That night and the next night there was a feast in this village, and Sohni must take her part with the household, so she could not go over the water. And the next day a flood came down, strong and sudden, from the hills, so that the river became greatly swollen and perilous, nor did any of the fishermen venture forth with their spreadnets in such yellow twisting eddies as were running. But Sohni's heart was too full of love to have in it any room for proper fear, and when she heard that evening, coming across the current, the faint sound of her Indian boy's flute she knew it was the signal of his fond impatience for the comfort of her hands and the blessings of her mouth, and she waited until the moon was down and then set forth for her grove.

"In its old hiding place she found—as she thought—her black chatty. She drew it forth and filled the narrow muzzle with grass, and placing it under her naked bosom committed herself, with a little terror at the dark flowing waters, to the quick current. Again at this moment she heard the soft notes of Luximan's bansuli. He was awaiting her in the safe and warm jungle and would be doubly loving to her for her courage in coming."

"But, O Shiva! what is this which is befalling? The water flows into the vessel. It fills. It sinks under her! The false sides of the chatty—unbaked and softening quickly in the strong stream—yield, melt, fall in between her hands. The accursed cheat fails her! She knows what has been done and lets the deceitful pot go before its growing weight pulls her under the chill waves of the river, the half of which she has not yet swum over. Then unseen by her lover, unhelped by any pitying star, she struggles steadfastly and bravely not to die.

"Many times she rises bravely from the whirlpools which drag her feet down and cries to Luximan, who, to save his jungle dove, would have breasted the river of Asipatra, which flows through hell, if he only knew and could have seen. He does not know and cannot see, and so, deprived of the sustaining chatty, her young strength yields, the yellow currant boils again and again between her gasping lips, her long brown arms beat the stream with feebler strokes, and at last, naming her lover's name, her beautiful head went under, and only a dark hand was seen above the river as it whirled away the dead body of beautiful Sohni.

"Next day, when the light was strong upon the stream and its swollen tide had somewhat fallen, they found the corpse of the goat girl upon the tail of yonder sandflat, where the cranes are fishing. Her funereal pile was reared near to where this stone stands, and the village people raised the stone and had the black chatty carved upon it as a memorial for times to come, and because they compassionated Sohni and hated the cruel and avaricious Soucar Govinda."
—Sir Edwin Arnold.

Westminster Abbey.

Rev. Dr. Charles Cox read a paper at the sixteenth annual meeting of the Society For the Protection of Ancient Buildings, in which, after reciting a number of historic incidents associated with the edifice, he said it was estimated that room could be found for the burial of 95 more persons at the outside within the abbey. Therefore, at the more carefully ordered rate of recent interments, it looked as if no pressing care for additional space might arise for another century. The walls, however, were so crowded that no part of them was available for a single statue. If a place for really national monumental inscriptions was required, it would have to be subject to some such regulations as govern the national portrait gallery, where it was a standing rule that persons represented and received should be dead not less than 10 years, so as to guard against newspaper fame and undue influence.—London Times.

Rebuked.

Mrs. Wickwire—I'd just like to know what kept you out so late last night; indeed I would.

Mr. Wickwire—My dear, this is an era of returning confidence, and you ought not to delay it by getting such ideas in your mind.—Indianapolis Journal.

A WORD THAT FAILS.

IT SUCCUMBS TO FASHION AND IS RELEGATED TO OBSCURITY.

The Ostracized Expression May Not Have Outlived Its Usefulness, and No New Word May Have Come to Replace It, but the Dictionary Is Inexorable.

Words, like dogs and bonnets, have their day, and when that day is passed they seem to be laid on the shelf like old fashioned pieces of china, to be regarded only as curiosities. The dictionary that still keeps them in remembrance, but marks them with the fatal "obs" (obsolete), represents the closet shelf where the old china is still tolerated, not for its use or beauty, but because of its very antiquity. Even the presence of these words in the dictionary does not argue that they are known outside of it, for only a few weeks ago in an article describing the old piece of embroidery known as a sampler the word "accend" in the motto worked upon the sampler was corrected by the printer to "accent." "May heaven accend thy words with power."

Less than 100 years ago accend meant to kindle, to set on fire. Now it is marked obsolete in the dictionary, and no new word has come to replace it. There seems no more reason for it to be laid on the shelf than for that little old fashioned cream pitcher with its quaint form and indescribable decoration of green lines and purple dots that represent no vine and flower known to botany to be set upon my chimney piece. It has not outlived its usefulness just because it is old. There are other words the dictionary marks obsolete that are current in old fashioned country places, such as outlander, a foreigner, which, like its neighbor outlandish, has taken a meaning slightly uncomplimentary. Aroynt or aroint, meaning stand back or get behind, is still used by the milkmaid in speaking to the cow that will not stand in her place to be milked. "Contrist that fellow!" one boy says of another who teases him, and the dictionary says it means to make sad, but that it is obsolete.

We should not ascribe any departure from what we are used to either in grammar or pronunciation or meaning of words to the ignorance or stupidity of the speaker. It may not be bad, but only antiquated English—such as ourn for ours, umbril for umbrella, afeard for afraid, riz for risen, to ax for ask, outen for put out or extinguish, even "put them things away" for those things. However, these expressions have had their day and are no longer good English, as they do not conform to the present use and custom that must be our standard in speaking and writing. The same may be said of certain ways of pronouncing words now used only by uneducated or old fashioned people, as *con*trary, *mis*chievous, blas*phe*mous, instead of *con*trary, *mis*chievous, *blas*phemous.

It is easy to prove that these are not mispronunciations, but only an old pronunciation retained by the people after the educated classes had given it up. Dr. Johnson gave the accent to the first syllable in academy, like melancholy and parsimony, with Shakespeare as his authority, and Walker praises those "who, grieved to see the compound depart so far from the sound of the simple," with "heroic fortitude" have opposed the multitude by pronouncing the first of the word knowledge as it is in the word to know. He says the "pulpit and bar have for years given a sanction to this pronunciation, but the senate and the stage hold out inflexibly against it, and the nation at large seems insensible to the improvement." They continue even in our day to pronounce as in the old ludicrous rhymes:

Among the mighty men of knowledge
That are professors in Gresham college.

Lantern, Dr. Johnson says, is by mistake often written lanthorn, because transparent cases for candles were generally made of horn, and those who did not know the derivation of the word from the Latin lanterna were satisfied that this was true etymology. The wicker basket covered glass jars, used by European peasants and sailors, were by them called "Dame Jeannes," anglicized into demijohn and known to the colored servants on an old southern home as the "Jimmy John."

Archaic is another word that in common use has lost its classic pedigree and has degenerated into "arky," denoting something very old fashioned, with an imaginary reference to Noah's ark. Words spelled one way and pronounced another by some people, who are what some other people would call "heavy," are wreck, pronounced wrack, which gives us "wrack and ruin;" weapon, which they turn into weepon, and wound, which they rhyme with sound, following the old lexicographer, who tells us "wound, woond, is a capricious novelty."

Another of this class of words is chap, in some localities still pronounced chop. Walker says the etymology of this word will not suffer us to write it chop, and universal usage will not permit us to pronounce it chap, so that it must be classed among those incorrigible words, the pronunciation and orthography of which must ever be at variance. On the other hand, the Irish are reproved by the same authority in the year 1815 for pronouncing palm, balm and psalm, as if spelled pawn, bawn and psawm, and now with a little less breath that is the accepted way in England and permissible in America.

But will the day ever come when a collusion will mean, as it does in some places, any large or remarkable kind of a gathering, even a funeral? It is probably a corruption of collision, for in the same neighborhood two wagons running into each other would be called a collusion. Here also they say, instead of "lighting a lamp," "making a candle," and anything that burns easily is "combustious."

But the same prophecy was once made in regard to "clever" and "fun," neither of which could now be spared from the language.—Philadelphia Times.

Nice Discrimination.

George is a handsome, bearded colored man, not black, but of a Spanish complexion, who is managing man—buyer, butler and general factotum—for a Boston lady who keeps an expensive boarding house "on the hill." The manners of George, who was bred in the south, are perfect—at once self respectful, easy and flattering to each boarder's feeling of personal consequence.

He is one of the rare men who are always deferential and never servile. Though but a head waiter, he might well be called a gentleman. That he has a very nice discrimination in language this true anecdote will show:

The point on which George is touchy is the reputation of the boarding house in which he is so trusted, so liked and so much the managing man. He is assiduous in maintaining the table on a liberal scale and seeing that no boarder lacks anything or waits unduly for any attention by reason of the neglect of the minor servants, who are all women.

If they are all busy, George "fills the gaps." Thus it chanced one day not long ago that he leaned deferentially over the shoulder of a new boarder and said, "Apple pie and ice cream, sah."

The new boarder is somewhat deaf and long accustomed to less liberal boarding houses. Not sure that he had heard George aright, he looked around and said:

"What? Apple pie or ice cream?"

"No, sah, not here, sah! Apple pie and ice cream, sah," said George, with admirable suavity and perfect vindication of his boarding house from possible suspicion of being one of those places where they offer the guests nothing more than a choice between dishes of dessert.—Youth's Companion.

Curiosities of Words.

There are two words in the whole range of the English language containing all the vowels in their regular order. They are abstemious and facetious. The following words each have them in irregular order: Authoritative, disadvantageous, encouraging, efficacious, instantaneous, importunate, mendacious, nefarious, precarious, pertinacious, sacrilegious, simultaneous, tenacious, unintentional, unobjectionable, unequivocal, undiscoverable and vexatious. A search through the dictionary might bring several others to light. It is usually said that there are but seven nine lettered monosyllabic words in the English language: Scratched, stretched, scrunched, scranched, screeched, squelched and staunched.

Here are some of the shortest sentences into which the alphabet can be compressed: "J. Gray, pack with my box five dozen quills," 33 letters. "Quack, glad zephyr, waft my javelin box," 31 letters. "Phiz, styx, wrong, buck flame, quib," 26 letters. "I, quarts pyz, who fling muck beds," 26 letters. "Fritz! quick! land! hew gypsum box," 26 letters. "Dumpty quiz! whirl back fogs next," 27 letters. "Export my fund. Quis black whigs," 26 letters. "Get nymph, quis and brow, fix luck," 26 letters. In more sober English, the last one would be, "Marry, be cheerful, watch your business."

These sentences would make excellent writing copies, for they secure attention to every letter and profitable exercises for learners of the typewriter, as they take in all the keys, and thus familiarize one readily with all possible combinations. By changing from capitals to lower case the value of the exercises is greatly increased.—London Tit-Bits.

Couldn't Master the Shibboleth.

"Who's there?" said a feminine voice.

"It's—hic—only me—hic—dear."

"Oh, it's only you, is it? And now suppose you tell me where you've been since this morning."

"Yes—hic—darling. You shee it—hic—happened this way. We—hic—went out fis—fis—fishun—hic—and the wind died out—hic."

"So the wind died out, did it?"

"Yesh—hic—m'dear. And if you—hic—only knew how shick—hic—your own hubbie wash—hic—thish minute—hic—you'd open the door."

"Sick, are you?" she snorted. "You're drunk."

"Don't shay that, darling—hic—can't you—hic—hear me shuffering—hic?"

"Oh, yes, I hear you. Now I am going to open the door, but not until you convince me that you are not intoxicated. Do you hear me?"

"Hic!"

"Before this door opens you've got to say quickly three times, without taking breath, 'She sells seashells.'"

"Oh—hic—lor."

"What did you say?"

"I shed all ri."

"Well, go ahead."

"She sells seashells, she shells shells"—

"That won't do. I want you to say distinctly and rapidly, 'She sells seashells.'"

"All ri. Shesellsheshellseasells. What's the matter with thatsh?"

He didn't get in.—Pittsburg Press.

Monkeys and Their Sick.

Monkeys, with some notable exceptions, are some degrees worse than savage men in their treatment of the sick. On the new Jumna canal at Delhi monkeys swarm in trees upon the banks and treat their sick comrades in true monkey fashion.

The colony by the canal being overcrowded, and as a consequence unhealthy, did and probably does still suffer from various unpleasant diseases. When one monkey is so obviously unwell as to offend the feelings of the others, a few of the larger monkeys watch it, and taking a favorable opportunity knock it into the canal. If it is not drowned at once, the sick monkey is pitched in again after it regains the trees and either drowned or forced to keep aloof from the flock.

At the London Zoological garden the monkeys torment a sick one without mercy, and unless it is at once removed from the cage it has little chance of recovery. The small monkeys bite and pinch it. The larger ones swing it around by the tail. When it dies, as many monkeys as can find room sit on its body.—Exchange.

DON'T OWE THE PIPER.

A Sanitary Allegory That Teaches a Practical Lesson.

Under the heading of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin, a Sanitary Allegory," the London Sanitary Record indulges its readers in a comparison between the subject of Browning's delightful poem and those municipal governments that are niggardly in dealing with sanitary questions. The story should be better known than it is. It was about 500 years ago, according to Browning, that a pest of rats infested the town of Hamelin in Brunswick. The mayor and aldermen were at their wits' end to get rid of the rodents when the "pied piper" came along and engaged to free the town for the sum of 1,000 guilders. As the story goes, he played upon his pipe so cunningly and alluringly that all the rats, save one, followed him to the river Weser, and thus ended the plague of the rats.

Great joy was felt throughout the city, and naturally the piper expected a prompt payment of his well earned guilders. But the mayor and corporation grew stingy; their troubles were over, they thought, and they would be troubled no more; but to get rid of the pestilent fellow they offered him 50. Then comes the tragedy of the story. They had treated their deliverer shabbily, they had put him in a passion, and they found him pipe to another fashion. Again he piped, so sweetly and persuasively that all the children in the town came flocking out and ran merrily after the wonderful music with shouting and laughter, and they followed their leader to the side of a mountain, which opened and swallowed them all up, and they were never heard of more—in Hamelin, and the parents in that ill fated city were left to mourn.

But it isn't true. We are not so sure of that. It is certainly in print, and if it weren't true how could a grave poet like Robert Browning have taken the trouble to write out the story in charming verse? For our part, we believe it to be perfectly true—if not in the letter, certainly in the spirit. When Browning wrote it, do you not think he had in view those principalities that grudge the expense of paying to get rid of nuisances? There are plenty among ourselves who still act the part of the mayor and corporation of Hamelin.

Clearly the meaning of the poem is that if you are mean enough to grudge the necessary expenditure for ridding your town of destructive pests, then you will have to pay for your sordid economy in the loss of your dearest. You will see your children pass away before your eyes, and you will be utterly unable to stop them or to recall them. You will have to pay the piper somehow; if not in money, then in some far more costly and tragical fashion. Bacilli are more troublesome and more destructive than even rats, because they destroy the most valuable of all property, and they cannot easily be got rid of without spending money. Disease is the costliest of all conditions for a town, while the expenditure on sanitation is the wisest economy.

Nothing to Wonder At.

"I used to wonder," said a man of family, "what became of all the patent medicines, but I don't now. My children take them. There's my two younger children, David, who is 8, and Ella, 6. To look at them you'd think they had somebody else's health as well as their own, but I hear their mother say to them before they go down to breakfast:

" 'Ella, have you taken your antimalarium? David, don't forget your antimalarium.'

"It seems that their mother thinks that children of their age ought to take something at this season of the year to strengthen them, and so they take antimalarium every day.

"And there's Reuben, a big, strapping boy of 14. His mother gives him something because she thinks a growing boy like him ought to have something to build him up. And she says to Caroline, who is 16: 'Caroline, you're not well at all. You've got to take something. I think you ought to take some of Glimmer's compound,' and so Caroline begins with Glimmer's compound.

"And I see on the shelf, with spoons alongside, in spring, in summer, in autumn and in winter, the bottles containing the things that the children are supposed to need in the season then current, and I say to myself that if all mothers are like the mother of my children there is no need for me to wonder what becomes of all the patent medicines."—New York Sun.

He Was Unselfish.

The tramp peeked over the back fence to see if there were a dog in the yard, and seeing none he slipped up to the kitchen door and knocked.

"Y' ain't got no dogs around, have you, miss?" he said to the cook, who answered the summons of the stranger.

"No, but we've got a Bengal tiger tied around the corner."

"Is he tied purty safe, miss?"

"Yes, but I can untie him, and he's hungry."

"Much hungry, miss?"

"Very. He hasn't had anything to eat for two days."

"That's my fix exactly, miss, and I can sympathize with him. Untie him."

The cook laughed.

"Come in," she said, "and eat all you want, so the tiger can have a decent meal," and the tramp chuckled softly as he went in.—Detroit Free Press.

The Number of "The Beast."

Vitringa says that 666, the number of the beast (Revelation xiii, 18), probably had some mythical or hidden connection with the "children of Adonikan, 666," mentioned by Ezra in the second chapter and thirteenth verse. Dr. Lightfoot, in writing on that mysterious name "Bethur" (Numbers xiii, 13), says that in Hebrew numerals it is 666 and means mystery. Dr. Kenealy says that 666 in Greek letters is Chi-xi-bau, and that it was the name of the Americas before Atlantis sank.—St. Louis Republic.

An Obscure Litterateur.

It seems odd that a man could make $12,000 a year in New York by writing fiction, die and remain as utterly unknown as if he had never existed. Arthur Elder Nelson, whose death occurred some days since, was such a man. He did not get even a three line obituary in any newspaper. His dealings were mostly with two huge New York concerns devoted exclusively to the manufacture of dime and half dime novels, and his specialty was the fiction that deals with boy pirates, boy highwaymen, robbers and other equally interesting juveniles. He started six years ago, when he was 25. Educated and refined (he was an Oxford man), he came to this country shortly after attaining his majority. His first effort in the line of blood and thunder narrative was made during his leisure as a drug clerk.

The success of his production encouraged him to persevere, and for the last two years he had worked steadily. His publishers say that his own share of the profits of his pen last year were $12,000, and he lived pretty well up to his income. He spoke four languages, and his wide reading and ripe scholarship enabled him to wander at will in the highways of literature, plundering wherever he saw an opportunity. Thus his works were, as a rule, mere plagiarisms brought down to his reader's level. He never aspired to anything higher. Certainly if he had wished to be a serious writer his income could never have exceeded say $3,500 a year, even had he attained great vogue. As it was, he kept a horse and carriage and enjoyed life.—Journalist.

A Folding Bridge.

There is a peculiar folding bridge at Canal street, Chicago, at a place where the Chicago river is too narrow to permit the use of a swing bridge with a pier in the middle of the stream. It consists of a movable roadway which divides in the center over the middle of the stream. Each half of the bridge is hinged at about one-third of its length from the shore. This permits the parts overhanging the river to drop down in front of the abutments, while the shorter hinged portions rise, forming a gate which intercepts the passage of teams or pedestrians. The two halves of the bridge are supported by heavy bars reaching down from steel towers about 50 feet high.

The whole bridge is 177 feet long, the movable part 100 feet and the actual span over the Chicago river 80 feet. The roadway is 21 feet wide, and there is a seven foot passage on each side. The whole structure is built of steel and weighs 430 tons. It is operated by a 10 horsepower engine on each side of the river, aided by a system of counter weights, the machinery being below the level of the bridge. It is operated very quickly, and the span has been opened or closed in 15 seconds. The structure cost but about $40,000, including the masonry abutments, and is very strong, a 20 ton steam roller passing over it without serious deflection.—Exchange.

Indian Simplicity.

An amusing story comes from the Wabigoon Lake Indian reserve, Canada. It seems that white men, regardless of treaty stipulations, have been poaching upon the preserves of the Indians. The red men resented this, but were at a loss what to do about the matter, as the white men paid no heed to their objections.

After much debate among themselves they concluded to carry their case to the highest authority. The chief went to Barclay station, therefore, and sent the following cable message:

To Prince of Wales, London:
White men cutting timber on Eagle lake. Would you kindly come and settle matter? This was given to us. Please advise.
KAH KIWEASH, Chief Wabigoon Lake.

We may smile at the Indian's simplicity, but his confidence and his wrongs certainly deserve some consideration.—Youth's Companion.

The Warm Salt Bath.

Warm salt baths taken at a temperature of 90 to 95 degrees are eminently suited for those with whom the open sea bath does not agree. Many people believe—and it is an idea that is hard to kill—that a warm bath at this temperature is "relaxing," but as a restorative after bodily fatigue, especially in hot weather, or as a means to relieve muscular pain and tension, it is difficult to find a better substitute. We go further and hold that such a bath is better than open air bathing for the nervous and debilitated, and especially in cases of irritability arising from mental worry, sleeplessness, intemperance and late hours. And the efficacy of such a bath in lumbago, gout, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica and neuralgia is time honored and is capable of everyday demonstration. — London Lancet.

Depended Upon the Decision.

Judge B. F. Dennison was once arguing a case before Judge Roger S. Greene, and in the course of his remarks he kept constantly referring to "Browne on Statute of Frauds," always making two syllables of the word Browne and pronouncing it as if it were Brown-ee.

Judge Greene fidgeted around in his chair, stood the mispronunciation as long as he could and then blurted out:

"Judge, why do you say Brown-ee? You wouldn't call me Green-ee, would you?"

Judge Dennison slowly replied in a rather dry tone of voice:

"That depends on how your honor decides this case." — Germantown Telegraph.

Ivy a Foe to Dampness.

The growth of ivy on the walls of houses renders the walls entirely free from damp, the ivy extracting every particle of moisture from wood, brick or stones for its own sustenance by means of its tiny roots, which work their way into the hardest stone. The overlapping leaves of the ivy conduct water falling upon them from point to point until it reaches the ground without allowing the walls to receive any moisture whatever from the beating rain. —Detroit Free Press.

A Vile Lie In the Pillory.

Weeks before the royal wedding it was openly whispered that the Duke of York, a gallant sailor and a gentleman, had made a false step, had been forgetful of his princely and knightly duties and obligations, and had, in fact, been secretly married and involved himself in a mesalliance, repugnant to his sense of honor and illegal in the eyes of the well known statute law. That law is simple. None of our blood royal can legally contract marriage without the consent of the reigning sovereign. Morganatic marriages have been recognized as such, and such love inspired sanctity as attaches to these unions when faithfully adhered to. The world knows all about them and sympathizes with them. But what said the quidnuncs, the tattlers, the irresponsible, the chattering sparrows who build under the eaves of palaces?

Blankly this, that George of Wales was married; that the name of the place and the name of the lady, alleged to be the daughter of a naval officer of high degree, were known, and both names and places changed and fluctuated as the price of scandal shares rose or fell in the gossip market. Like ill winds, the ugly rumor grew apace over the dinner table and afternoon teapot. Men talked of it —more shame to them—women murmured it with giggles and innuendo; the very "outsiders" got hold of it, and all the time the story was positively and absolutely untrue. Think you for an instant that the head of our church would have married our prince and princess had he not first satisfied himself, as we have reason to know he did, that the silly story was wholly untrue, absolutely baseless? The question carries its own answer. We contradict it directly with authority.—London Gentlewoman.

A Woman Who Got Along.

The ability of a woman to get on alone in the world is sometimes questioned by her big brothers. But there are plenty of instances where women have been left in circumstances which would try the powers of the stoutest hearted man to the utmost and have come out triumphant. One of these was mentioned to a reporter the other day in connection with a rough side hill farm in a remote part of an inland town. "There," said our informant, pointing to the place, "lived Aunt Abby S—— when her husband died. She then had three small children, and another was born soon after. The farm was in poor condition and had about all the mortgage it could bear. Her husband's old father, feeble and fussy, was left on her hands.

"Did she send the old man to the poor farm, think you? Not a bit of it. She kept him a year or two, and he was so fussy she couldn't live with him. Then she hired a neighbor to take him, and she paid his board 12 years, when he died. She raised her children and brought the farm into good condition. She paid the mortgage, and when she died she left a good property free and clear of all debts. The boys hadn't the old lady's spunk, for there's a mortgage up there now, and nothing in the world but laziness did it. They had everything left ready to their hands and ain't had no drawbacks, 'cept losin their mother, but somehow the weeds have got the start of 'em, and I guess they'll keep it."—Lewiston Journal.

Will's Grave.

"That grave on the right hand of the path as you go down to the porch door; that heap of airth with no growth, not one blade of grass on it—that's Will Pooley's grave that was hanged unjustly."

"Indeed! But how came such a shocking deed to be done?"

"Why, you see, sir, they got poor Will down to Bodmin, all among strangers, and there were bribery and false swearing, and an unjust judge came down—and the jury all bad rascals, tin and copper men—and so they all agreed together, and they hanged poor Will. But his friends begged the body and brought the corpse home here to his own parish, and they turfed the grave, and they sowed the grass 20 times over, but 'twas all no use, nothing would ever grow—he was hanged unjustly."

"Well, but, Tristam, you have not told me all this while what this man Pooley was accused of; what had he done?"

"Done, sir! Done! Nothing whatever but killed the excise man!"—Rev. R. S. Hawker.

In Northern Alaska.

Juneau is the most northerly stopping place on the regular Alaska excursion route, and while it is not sufficiently near the pole to meet the midnight sun there is time during the summer season of the year for a good deal of light work.

What most troubles strangers is to know when to go to bed. The sun is apparently unwilling to pass and leaves its halo behind.

Twilight waits for dawn, or if there is an interval between I have not discovered it. It is not difficult to read ordinary print at 11 o'clock, and sitting on the deck at midnight (the ship keeps San Francisco time) watching the shadows cast upon the smooth water and the snowcapped peaks at a few miles distance is not uncomfortable with an overcoat.—Cor. San Francisco Bulletin.

The Tapping of the Deathwatch.

The so called deathwatch, dreaded by the superstitious, is a small beetle which has a very powerful joint in its neck and calls its mate by tapping with its head on the wall or on any surface where it may happen to be located. The noise is similar to that which may be produced by tapping with the finger nails on a table, and the insect can frequently be made to answer such taps.—New York Evening Sun.

Why They Would Not Kiss the Stone.

A correspondent is guilty of being the originator of the following joke: "Many people would not kiss the Blarney stone at the World's fair if they knew it was merely a sham-rock." — Philadelphia Ledger.

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St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J B O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Mingue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Wabash av and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 57th st; R S, J Cook, 743 W 42d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 92 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 47 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

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St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 13th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 495 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 78 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 573 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Rubl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5812 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Went Worth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

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McMullen No 46 -C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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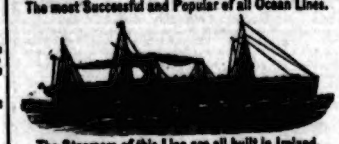

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